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THE MINISTRY AND THE OPPOSITION.

A little was expected from Parliament in the present Session, it cannot be said that the prevailing tranquillity and dulness have occasioned disappointment. The days of Reform Bills and of Ministerial revolutions are apparently over. After three years of a second Premiership, Lord PALMERSTON retains his influence and popularity, while some of his rivals have retired from active competition, and the only representative of the good old principle of opposition for the sake of opposition fights a singlehanded battle with little chance of success. For the first time in his Ministerial career, Mr. GLADSTONE has gratified his colleagues by saying little and doing nothing, excepting transferring a petty tax from an ingredient of beer to the liquor itself. Mr. DISRAELI, though he was disappointed by the non-appearance of a debateable Budget, did his best to get up a damaging debate by attacking the former financial policy, which had left no remissions and a doubtful surplus for the present year. The House of Commons was glad of an exceptional combat in a time of profound peace, but it was impossible to take any active interest in a reproduction of the quarrels which properly belonged to 1860 and 1861. On the whole, it was considered that Mr. DISRAELI had somewhat the best of the controversy; and as soon as the discussion had finished, the Budget was passed, and financial disputes were tacitly postponed to a future time, when there may be some room for difference of opinion. Mr. DISRAELI's energy was the more remarkable, as Lord DERBY had declared at the beginning of the session his determination to abstain from any attempt to overthrow the Government. If a resignation or a dissolution had been brought about, the whole credit would have been due to the indefatigable leader in the Lower House of an Opposition which is scarcely disposed to follow his guidance. Mr. DISRAELI did his best, on more than one occasion, to damage the Government, and it was not till he had repeatedly missed his spring that he acquiesced in the suspension of hostilities which is imposed upon him by the ill-concealed leaning of his party to Lord PALMERSTON. His second attack was directed, not against Mr. GLADSTONE's finance, but against the foreign policy of the Ministry; and the House of Commons heard with surprise from the heir of Tory traditions that the Pope ought to be maintained in possession of Rome, and that England should follow tamely in the wake of France. On such conditions, it might be practicable to reduce the army estimates, and to postpone indefinitely the construction of an iron fleet. Mr. DISRAELI would, perhaps, more willingly have maintained the opposite doctrine if it had not been already appropriated by Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues. It is strange that, in his long political life, he has not learned how little the English people participate in his own exemption from patriotic prejudice. An addition of 50 per cent. to the income-tax would scarcely be more unpopular than a formal acknowledgment of inferiority to France. The same mistake was repeated in Mr. DISRAELI's attempt to defeat the Government by an amendment to Mr. STANSFELD's motion for retrenchment. The Conservative Opposition has often shown its loyalty to its chiefs, but it is an implied condition of its allegiance that it is not to be publicly dragged through the mud.

Mr. BRIGHT has seldom taken part in debate during this session, though he was unable to restrain his sympathy for the Federalists in the matter of the *Trent*. On the Church-rate question he made an unusually conciliatory speech; and the general disinclination to interfere in the American war has relieved him from the further necessity of advocating the Northern cause. Mr. COBDEN, after several years of absence and silence, has come prominently forward; and on several occasions he has come into direct collision with Lord PALMERSTON. It is difficult to imagine two political natures more directly antipathetic, and it is only surprising that the outbreak of their

mutual hostility has been so long postponed. It was never understood that the Prime Minister was an enthusiastic admirer of the Commercial Treaty for which he was officially responsible; but hitherto the chief promoter of modern armaments and the missionary of peace have managed to go on their several ways without actual collision. In the discussion on the Fortification Bill, Mr. COBDEN complained that Lord PALMERSTON was possessed with an idea; and the reply that it was an idea which Mr. COBDEN was incapable of appreciating belonged to the domain of vituperative controversy, rather than to grave political discussion. Lord PALMERSTON soon recovered his temper, as became the winning disputant, for Mr. COBDEN's fixed idea of abstinence from military and naval precautions is as disagreeable to Englishmen as the foreign policy which Mr. DISRAELI advocates on similar grounds. The repeated debates on the Fortifications have proceeded on the all but unanimous assumption that the country must be defended at any cost against the possibility of foreign aggression. It is not considered desirable to follow the example of America by extemporising an army at the beginning of a war, with the greatest possible expenditure of money and the smallest result in efficiency.

While the main stream of the session has flowed on in an almost imperceptible current, the side eddies and petty whirlpools have also been unusually calm. It was found impossible even to get up a serious agitation about Church-rates, for Mr. BUXTON, in seconding Sir JOHN TRELAUNY's motion, recommended a compromise, and Mr. BRIGHT himself offered to allow the practice of voting rates to remain if the legal process by which they are enforced was no longer to be permitted. A majority voted against total abolition, and it is by no means impossible that in time the injured Dissenter may subside into the position which is now occupied by the deceased wife's sister. There were happily no Reform motions large or small, except the annual nonsense of the Ballot, in which Mr. BERKELEY substituted a practical joke for his customary factious address. As his opponents were not anxious to hear a republication of his well-known jests, he had the opportunity of dividing with a chance majority, and the writers who still think it necessary to repeat the old-fashioned Shibboleth of Radicalism the next day congratulated their not less indifferent readers on a technical victory. The vote was, of course, reversed on the second reading of the Bill, and the two or three hundred members who are pledged to vote for a crotchet which most of them disapprove, will not have occasion till twelve months have elapsed once more to strain their consciences by either keeping or breaking their hustings promises. The Wednesdays of the session have been duller even than the days which are devoted to Government business. Sir G. C. LEWIS no longer speaks, except on questions relating to the War Office; and Sir G. GREY has not adopted his amusing practice of expounding at length the numerous reasons which might have prevented him from supporting by his vote the nostrum of some independent Liberal.

The Exhibition has, perhaps, served both as an excuse for Parliamentary inaction, and, to a certain extent, as a substitute. It is convenient to have a common resort and subject of conversation, and it may be remembered that in 1851 no serious business was transacted, as the agitation of the Papal Aggression had subsided before the opening of the show. Nevertheless, if peace and prosperity continue, and if Lord PALMERSTON retains his vigour, there seems to be no reason why future sessions should be more exciting or more fully occupied. Unluckily, it is almost certain that the winter will bring great distress; and, although the Lancashire operatives are well aware that their sufferings are not due to legislation, it is natural that an impoverished population should fall into political discontent. Parliament has not been careless of the interests of the cotton-spinners, although it has been able to do nothing for their relief except by slightly modifying the

provisions of the Poor-law. The American war and the blockade have been repeatedly discussed; but, on the whole, both Houses have discountenanced interference, and the starving operatives have thus far acquiesced in the justice and prudence of the decision. In questions of this kind, the Government is almost exclusively responsible for the national policy. The House of Commons cannot overrule Ministerial resolutions on imperfect information, and where a doubt exists it is always safer to incline to the side of peace. Other questions relating to foreign affairs have been not less dormant than domestic legislation. Italian independence might almost have been forgotten if Sir G. BOWYER had not invited the House to express the all but unanimous goodwill to Italy, and the entire absence of sympathy for the Holy See. India has occupied a small part of a single evening, and China has been the subject of one or two recent debates. If little has been accomplished, Parliament may separate next week with the gratifying consciousness that it has left none of its business undone.

EXTREME DELICACY AND CAUTION.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S mode of governing the Irish people has been a mystery for some time past. He is not a fanatic. He shows no desire to gain popularity after the fashion of Mr. WHALLEY. He neither quotes Maynooth songs in the House of Commons, nor builds a round tower for the accommodation of Orange picnics on his estate. But he excels Mr. WHALLEY himself in the abundance of the insults which he contrives to heap on the religion of the vast majority of the Irish people, every time that an opportunity in Parliament presents itself. As he had no fanaticism to gratify, and as he certainly did not gain votes by the proceeding, the motives of his conduct were very difficult to guess. Some said he was mad. Others thought that it was a subtle plot for raising a No-Popery cry against the Tories. Others, again, were of opinion that it was an intelligible device to show that he was not afraid. But on Monday night the difficulty was cleared up in a curious manner. He was asked by Sir HUGH CAIRNS to explain the policy of the Government in reference to the procession which took place in Dublin last Sunday week, to celebrate the foundation of the Queen's University. Sir ROBERT PEEL rose to answer with much solemnity. In a measured voice, tuned to accord with his sense of the responsibilities of his position, he announced that "the subject had caused considerable feeling in some parts of 'Ireland,' and that 'as far as the Government were concerned, it was a matter that required to be dealt with 'with extreme delicacy and caution.' The House cheered sympathetically. They were evidently a little puzzled to hear such a sentiment from such lips; but they were only too glad to welcome the penitent SECRETARY back to the paths of discretion. Sir ROBERT PEEL went on to explain the law of the question, and to detail the reasons which had precluded the Government from applying the Acts against party processions to the ceremonial which was used on the occasion in question. Having got over this drier portion of the subject, he proceeded to give a specimen to the House of the "extreme delicacy and caution" with which, in his opinion, the Government should treat such matters. It is impossible to supply a fair idea of the tact and discrimination with which he performed this difficult duty, without quoting his own words:—

With regard to the procession itself, one would have supposed that the inauguration of an University would have been attended by the learned professions, by the gentry of the country, by the chief men of Ireland. It is almost amusing, however, to refer to the official statement of the persons present, who can hardly be supposed to have added very great character or dignity to the movement. Among the rest of the trades were the House-painters, with a banner borne in a carriage; the Tailors and Plasterers, with their trade banners; the Horse-shoers, with banner in carriage and wearing green riband in their button-holes; the Chimney-cleaners, whose trade emblem was a white silk and green belt (laughter), and the Brogue-makers, that is the makers of wooden shoes. [Mr. B. Osborne.—They are not wooden shoemakers.] (Laughter.) Then there were the grocers and the pawn-brokers' assistants, the latter numbering 200, and they certainly wore some colours, while the ground was kept, I am sorry to say, by what are called the Pope's Brigade—people who clearly, according to the ruling of this House, went out to Italy and formed an illegal band—and I believe that they appeared in the colours of the Pope. (A laugh.)

Having delivered himself of this cautious and delicate description, he proceeded to express a hope that his statement was satisfactory to the House, for "it was a difficult and troublesome matter to deal with, and the greater forbearance and discretion the Government exercised in it, the better for the 'peace and the welfare of Ireland.'" He then sat down, with an expression of that benevolent complacency on his countenance which a man wears when he thinks he has been practising Christian charity on a large scale. No doubt he

was infinitely surprised when Mr. MONSELL rose to utter a vehement protest against the insults he had been casting upon the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

This practical definition of "extreme delicacy and caution" explains all that was inexplicable in his former speeches. It was difficult to understand why he should have made the round of Ireland in a low-backed car in order to utter philippics against Dr. M'HALE. It seemed scarcely worth while to produce a scene in the House of Commons for the sake of telling The O'DONOGHUE that he was a "mannikin," "traitor," and "not a decent person." There was no prudence in fulminating vague denunciations of the electors of Longford, which he afterwards could not venture to establish before a Committee. To go out of his way, in a discussion on Irish destitution, to insinuate that the priests exaggerated the distress in order to stir up the people against their landlords, appeared to be ingeniously and laboriously foolish. But a glare of light is now thrown into all these dark places of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S career. He was merely exhibiting, according to his own light and knowledge, his "extreme delicacy and caution." The whole of his sessional efforts have been in close keeping with his performance on Monday night. Just as he claimed credit for his own discretion and forbearance after he had been ridiculing a solemn procession of the Roman Catholic Church, on account of the Horse-shoers, Chimney-cleaners, and Brogue-makers who bore a part in it, so he evidently thought that by his remarks on Dr. M'HALE and The O'DONOGHUE, and the priests of the South, and the electors of Longford, he was rather flattering them than otherwise. This colour-blindness in distinguishing between an insult and a panegyric is undoubtedly a disadvantage to a Minister; but it appears to be endemic to the Treasury Bench. Several of its ablest occupants are afflicted by the disease in a very severe form. Mr. LOWE professed himself wholly unable to discover that he had said anything unkind of the School Inspectors, when he had broadly insinuated that they told lies. Mr. LAYARD was absolutely unconscious of any unusual strength in his language when he had designated the statements of an adversary as "infamous." Even the veteran PREMIER himself, who usually knows so well how to avoid irritating his audience in the House of Commons, speaks of foreign Governments, with whom it is important that England should be on friendly terms, in apparently absolute oblivion of the likelihood that his words will be translated for their benefit.

But it is a serious matter that the IRISH SECRETARY should be a victim to this malady. His reckless language generally amuses the House of Commons; but it is a costly laugh. The Irish are not a people of a practical spirit. They are not quick to recognise the good government of which they enjoy the fruit. It presents itself in the first instance to them only as a restraint upon old lawless habits, the domination of an alien people, the gradual extermination of a race of insolvent, but hospitable proprietors. We must not expect them to be inordinately grateful for our modern and milder rule, until the lapse of generations has effaced the memory of the still recent persecuting code. In the meantime, the best we can hope is that they will acquiesce in it tranquilly, so long as they have no cause of discontent. But it will require no lapse of time to make them feel the sting of an official insult. They are not of those who think that hard words break no bones. We have heard of a despotism tempered by epigrams; but a government by jeers is a new experiment in the history of the world, and the Irish are not the most suitable people for trying its efficacy for the first time. To a Saxon apprehension there is nothing very formidable in the sneers which a Prime Minister's undistinguished favourite may think it dignified to utter. But a Celtic race is not so willing to estimate an insult according to the worth of the insulter. It seems almost absurd that so small a matter as Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Parliamentary speeches should seriously affect the relations between England and Ireland. But it is impossible to blind ourselves to the fact that disaffection is much stronger in Ireland than it has been since the cabbage-garden defeat, and that it has made a great shoot upwards since Sir ROBERT PEEL'S year of office. There is no worse sign than the apparent approximation which has taken place between the priesthood and the revolutionary party. They have no natural congeniality, and they can have no permanent alliance. The interests of one never can be the interests of the other. But we need not go far in the present age to learn how weak the control of interest is, when party passions are once roused. Those passions it has been Sir ROBERT PEEL'S great triumph to excite. The merit of Mr. CARDWELL'S government was that he sided with neither religion, and yet

avoided irritating either. His successor has the happy knack of reviving all the animosity caused by sectarian domination, without enjoying the advantage of the temporary strength which it supplied. Two or three years more of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S vituperative rule will teach us, by a sad experience, how great a fire even so insignificant a tongue can kindle.

FRANCE AND MEXICO.

THE Mexican adventure continues to form the oddest episode of recent history. That a French army should be asked to surrender by mongrel American Spaniards is as unexpected an event as that the Emperor NAPOLEON should busy himself in providing a throne on the other side of the Atlantic for an Austrian Archduke. After the negotiation had broken down, General ZARAGOZA found that, even in their reduced condition, French troops were not to be assailed with impunity; but it is not surprising that he should be encouraged by the indirect and argumentative answer which was returned to his offer of a capitulation. Instead of defying the enemy, General LORENCEZ informed ZARAGOZA that he was unable to treat, as the EMPEROR had placed the conduct of all political affairs in the hands of M. DE SALIGNY. It might have been supposed that it was for a General, and not for a diplomatist, to determine whether it was necessary to capitulate; but it may be assumed, from the reference to the Ambassador, that the proposal was not flagrantly absurd. It is said that the Mexican cavalry who had joined the invader under MARQUES are already deserting, and some of the convoys from Vera Cruz have been intercepted by the enemy. There can be little doubt that the superior quality of his troops will enable General LORENCEZ to repel any attack on his position at Orizaba, but the bravest men must eat, and the diminished army is scarcely in a condition to furnish escorts for the trains on which its existence depends. The partisans of Royalty and of the Archduke have not been discovered, and the clerical faction, which is supposed to have encouraged French intervention, has fallen into disrepute. It seems possible that the Emperor NAPOLEON may have succeeded, against his will, in strengthening the Government which he refused to recognize on the ground of its helpless condition; and the adventurers who have always contended with one another for the possession of power may perhaps find a temporary bond of union in a popular war with the foreigner. The Liberal party has at last an opportunity of proving that it is more patriotic and national than the followers of MIRAMON and ALMONTE.

By the close of the hot season, a powerful French force will be ready to repair the check inflicted on the first expedition; and it may be hoped that, even without the formality of a march to Mexico, it will be able to exact concessions sufficient to serve as an apology for peace. A purposeless war is a melancholy spectacle, and it always involves a certain amount of anxiety and risk to neutrals. It is enough to have half the coast of North America closed to commerce, without the inconvenience of a fresh blockade from the frontier of Texas to the Isthmus. A victorious belligerent is tempted to new displays of his power, and there is always a tendency to be quarrelsome after a defeat. But for considerations of humanity and of prudence, the neighbours of France might regard with complacency a waste of men and money in a remote region, with an ulterior tendency to cause difficulties between the invader and both the North American Republics. The French debt is, to a certain extent, a security for the peace of Europe, and M. FOULD will struggle in vain to produce an equilibrium during the continuance of the Mexican war. Nevertheless, all candid and competent French politicians will allow that the tone of English criticism has, in the present instance, not been unfriendly. Those who take a special interest in Mexican bonds have openly blamed the withdrawal of the English Government from the undertaking; and in some cases they have hoped to effect their objects by the anticipated success of the French expedition. More impartial observers have simply expressed the natural dissatisfaction which is provoked by any perverse and irrational proceeding. There has not been the smallest pretext for M. DE BOISSY'S assertion that the streets of London were placarded with exaggerated reports of the defeat of the French. The advantage obtained by the Mexicans caused considerable surprise and no perceptible satisfaction. Englishmen may cherish their own opinion of the prowess of their countrymen in comparison with their former enemies and recent allies; but they are by no means disposed to place Mexicans on a level with soldiers to whom they have never hesitated to award at least the second place.

As the enterprise, however unwise, has been in fact undertaken, there can be nothing offensive in the wish that it may serve as a valuable lesson. The Imperial Government is too much inclined to act as a subordinate Providence in the regulation of affairs with which it is but little concerned. When barbarous countries are to be conquered, and settlements established, the motive for war is intelligible, though the enterprises for the most part produce little profit. Algeria, after thirty years, is not paying its way, yet the French taxpayer is buying at a heavy price new and more useless possessions in Cochin China, and in the distant islands of the Pacific. As there is happily room in the world for two colonising empires, England has learned to look without jealousy on the costly transmarine acquisitions of France. Cochin China and New Guinea are outside the sphere of diplomacy, and it is perhaps thought not undesirable that the French arms should have some safe and remote field of employment. Greater uneasiness is excited when the same officious activity finds vent in projects and combinations nearer home. The rumoured alliance with Russia, though it may not have been definitely concluded, has undoubtedly assumed the shape of diplomatic intrigues. The interminable Eastern question has lately revived in Servia and Montenegro, and Austria alone, among the Great Powers, joins with England in support of the legal authority of the Porte. The Servian dispute is to be settled by an informal Congress, and France, supported by Russia, Prussia, and Italy, proposes to mix up with the simpler dispute the settlement of the chronic war in Montenegro. A Mexican expedition is merely considered a mistake, but an armed intervention in the East of Europe would be a menace to the peace of the world. It is not by elaborate arrangements with Russia, but by acquiescence in the unambitious policy of England, that the French Government will really consult its own interest and the welfare of its subjects.

There is also a revived rumour of a proposed Congress to determine the condition of Italy. The English Government will do wisely to discourage any gathering of diplomatists, where it may either find itself in a minority, or become pledged to a policy not within its own control. It requires no Congress to let Italy alone, and interference would produce inevitable evil. VICTOR EMMANUEL'S throne depends on the fact that it has been established, and not on any European guarantee. England has recognised the new condition of Italy in all its successive stages, and it is unnecessary to concert with others a decision which has been long since adopted. Joint systems of policy conduce little to harmonious co-operation; and combined military operations are still more unsatisfactory. There were plausible reasons for the London Convention on the affairs of Mexico, because Spain, France, and England had at the same time demands to enforce, and it was convenient that the different proceedings should be prevented from interfering with one another. Nevertheless, as soon as it became necessary to carry out the agreement, it was found, as might have been expected, that the three Powers had different objects, as well as irreconcilable dissensions on the proper method of enforcing their claims. The early withdrawal of the English Government from the expedition was in itself highly prudent, but it has left behind a certain soreness of feeling which is aggravated by the French miscarriage in the war. If, however, there must be a question, it is better that it should be Western than Eastern. The Gulf of Mexico will never be made a French lake, and even if a French dependency should be established on the Continent of America, the jealousies and possible wars which it may occasion will concern the United States, and perhaps the new Confederacy, more nearly than England.

LEGAL EDUCATION.

A FEW years ago, it struck a few of the most eminent members of the English Bar that it was rather an anomaly that the only conditions of entrance into the privileges of that learned body should be the payment of very handsome fees and the eating of rather indifferent dinners. But to this the ancient discipline of the Inns of Court had degenerated, and the reformers brought all their influence and energy to bear upon the establishment of what it was hoped would prove the beginning of an effective system of legal education. Of course, an innovation of this kind was met by the steady conservatism which is so glorious a feature of English society. No one, indeed, professed to believe that comprehensive views of jurisprudence were imbibed with Lincoln's Inn port, or that dinners of three courses, whose rotation had been settled by a once famous Chancellor, supplied all the legal food which the

mind of an inquiring student had any right to hunger for. But the opposition to the new-fangled theory that the Inns of Court were bound to assist the studies of candidates for the wig and gown was not at all the less strong on this account; and though the majority of the Benchers were overborne by the authority and persistency of a few friends of education who were found among them, the prevalent feeling in these select bodies was by no means favourable to the experiment which they reluctantly commenced.

The doctrine of the majority was just what might have been expected from men who had used law merely as the means of personal distinction and emolument, and who regarded forensic success, with a possibility of the Woolpack in the distance, as the sole end of the science of jurisprudence. The old plan, they said (as men always say of an indefensible absurdity), had worked well. The student could pick up his law in the chambers of a special pleader, as his fathers had done before; and no doubt there would always be the same supply of successful advocates and acute judges which the Inns of Court with their fees and their dinners had never failed to turn out. The demand, in fact, would create the supply; and it was no more the business of those who controlled the profession to encourage the study of jurisprudence, than it is now thought to be the duty of factory-owners to foster the cultivation of the cotton which they need. There was a certain amount of truth in this. The *laissez faire* system of the Inns of Court had been, and promised to be, quite adequate to the production of successful lawyers; but it had failed, and was morally certain to fail, in producing jurists who would be a credit to the country. If the arts of circumventing a plea or bamboozling a jury had been the only things to be desired, it would have been a pity to disturb the machinery which gave full scope to the education of the faculties which these pursuits demanded; but it was acknowledged that England could not boast of having reared one great jurist in a century, and that all the philosophy of law—all that distinguishes the science from the trade—was to be sought almost exclusively in the writings of foreign authors. But this was not the only defect of the dinner and fee test. To tinker laws without juridical science is almost as hopeless as to mend a watch or a steam-engine without mechanical knowledge. The consequence was, that after some centuries of practical bungling, the law of England had been worked into a shape which made it in our own eyes the most anomalous, and in the eyes of foreigners the most barbarous, code that the world had ever seen.

The practical remedy for this strange state of things was obviously to foster the study of law as a science, and accordingly it was determined to establish certain readerships, as they were called, for the instruction of students in the various departments of legal knowledge. From the first it was felt that the experiment was exposed to a danger which might at any time prove fatal. There was no central body to which the superintendence of legal education could be entrusted. The four Inns were severally autocratic within their own domains, and far too jealous to submit to the substantial control of any joint committee. There was no help for it but to allot to each of the great law-dinner establishments one of the branches of jurisprudence, and to leave to the Benchers the privilege of appointing and paying the Reader by whom the study of this particular department of law was to be directed. This quadruple division of authority was bad enough in itself, but the mischief was infinitely increased by the peculiar composition of the Bench—the governing body of an Inn of Court. Practically, the Bench of each Inn consists of all the members who have attained a certain measure of forensic success without having sullied their personal reputation. A few judges, a handful of retired advocates, and a score or two of hard-working leaders, with little time and less inclination to think of anything beyond their fees and their prospects of promotion, do not form a body very well constituted for the duties which the new scheme of legal education threw upon the Bench of each Inn of Court. If they made good appointments, the system promised to develop itself into something more permanent than its original organization gave one any right to expect. If they showed only so much discrimination as could fairly be expected from bodies so constituted, the experiment threatened to prove an ambitious failure.

Until quite recently, fortune has rather favoured the cause of legal education. Though the emoluments of the Reader's office were too trifling to tempt any man who had set his heart on what English lawyers call success—that is to say, a well-fed career with the Bench in reversion—it did so happen that among the Readers who were first appointed there were

some who loved the study of jurisprudence for its own sake, and who were willing to devote brilliant talents and great learning to the task which they undertook. The Middle Temple was especially favoured in the department of law which was assigned to its care. Its function was to appoint the Reader on Jurisprudence and Civil Law, and though teachers of technical equity and conveyancing might be tempted to train students into mere adepts in a trade, a Professor of Civil Law in England could only teach law as a science, if he taught anything at all. Of course, it was more difficult to fill a post of this kind than to find a man learned in pleas, or apt in the preparation of those marvellous documents by which English property is transferred, and in the avoidance of the pitfalls by which it is endangered. In their first choice, the Benchers of the Middle Temple had the good fortune to secure the services of an accomplished scholar, who has established his title to rank among the very few scientific jurists whom this country can boast. But for the direction which the duties of his office gave to his studies, Mr. MAINE's work on Ancient Law might never have appeared; and, if no other result of the scheme of legal education could be pointed to, it would be something to say that it has proved that England possesses one lawyer, at any rate, worthy to rank with the most accomplished jurists of Europe. But the Benchers of the Middle Temple may pride themselves on having brought about even more than this. The success of Mr. MAINE's lectures has refuted the notion that English students could not be induced to interest themselves in the philosophy of law, or in anything more exalted than the art of gaining fees. The Readership of Jurisprudence supplied the crucial test of the soundness of the new educational project, and the issue of the trial has been a signal triumph.

Mr. MAINE's appointment as Legal Member of Council in India imposed upon the Benchers of the Middle Temple the difficult duty of filling the vacant post; and though it was scarcely to be hoped that a second selection could be made as happy as the first, the indispensable condition that Mr. MAINE's work should be carried on by a scholar and a lawyer was one which the Benchers had it in their power to satisfy. The temporary stimulus which the first agitation on the subject gave to the cause of legal education among the Middle Temple Benchers seems to have subsided; and, although the LORD CHANCELLOR and a few other warm friends of the education scheme are members of that Bench, the appointment of a Reader has come to be looked upon more as the exercise of an ordinary piece of patronage than as a matter on which the still critical fate of legal education depends. The choice of an unknown man may sometimes justify itself in the result by unexpected success, and it is possible that the newly-appointed Reader on Jurisprudence and Civil Law may hereafter prove a distinguished jurist; but it is difficult for any one to become an accomplished scholar and a philosophical lawyer until after years of thoughtful study. Without such qualifications no one can fitly discharge the duties of the office which has just been filled up. The Benchers certainly were not compelled by the want of distinguished candidates to waive these essential conditions, and unless they have been singularly successful in discerning hidden merit, their selection must, we fear, be taken as a proof of the indifference with which they are ready to risk the success of legal education, and to neutralize the credit which they gained by their first appointment. Even the most hearty zeal would scarcely make the Benchers a suitable body in which to lodge an appointment of so critical a kind, and, with such palpable evidence of the very reverse of zeal, it is to be feared that all that has been so successfully done for legal education will speedily be lost, unless the supreme direction be vested in a Board somewhat less unfitted for the duty than the Masters of the Bench.

SPAIN AND ENGLAND.

THE Spanish papers have begun to talk about getting Gibraltar back. The Spaniards feel the returning tide of national honour, and they fancy that the occupation of any portion of Spanish territory by foreigners is a sort of degradation. They ask how we should like it if the French held the Land's End, or if Holyhead were a Yankee fortress. At present all this is mere talk. It is only very ardent Spaniards, and the class of persons who have nothing to do with practical politics, that can dream of England giving up Gibraltar until great changes have taken place. Still, the very mention of such a thing shows that Spain is conscious of reviving strength, and is anxious to regain something of the place she

once held in Europe. The time may come when the cession of Gibraltar will be seriously discussed. Of course, if it is attempted to take it from us by force, we shall fight for it as if it were a portion of Middlesex, and Spain must be much stronger than she is now before she can have a chance of turning us out. But so long as the talk is of an amicable kind, and we are only invited to recognise the humiliation to which the occupation of a portion of its soil by foreigners must subject a proud and sensitive people, there is no reason why we should insult the Spaniards by pretending that we hold Gibraltar by a sort of divine right, and that our might will always make our right. We shall be very foolish if we do not recognise the growing importance of Spain, and show that we entertain some kindly feelings towards her. Most Englishmen of sense would speak tenderly of the occupation of Gibraltar to a Spaniard they respected. All that they would ask would be that the possession of this fortress should not be mixed up with vague declamations about nationalities, and with parallels that have nothing to do with it. Every case of the sort stands by itself, with its own history and its own importance, and its own consequences. There is, for example, no parity between the possession of Gibraltar by England and that of Venice by Austria. We do not annoy or vex any one in practical life by being on that detached rock. There is no alien population that we control. We do not exercise any mastery over Spaniards. We do not insult with our flag the glories of a place of historical fame. Nor is Gibraltar the key of Spain, as in former days Calais was held to be the key of France. We do not keep it as a means of invading Spain and of pouring in troops to pillage the country. For the purposes of inland warfare, Gibraltar was useless to us during our Peninsular campaign. We simply hold Gibraltar as a means of commanding the navigation of the Mediterranean, which has now become the main route to a portion of our Empire. If we really made a large body of natives miserable by holding it, we should have no more title to hold it because it is useful to maintain our communications with India, than Austria has to hold Venetia because the Quadrilateral is supposed to be the safeguard of Germany. But when the question is a purely sentimental one, we may set against it the practical benefits we derive from it, and which our long tenure of the place may entitle us to enjoy with a quiet conscience. There is something also to be said of the prestige which the occupation of so many points of the earth's surface gives to England. A country cannot be expected to trifle with the pride which an Englishman feels in the constant presence of his flag wherever he goes. We have our sentimental feeling just as the Spaniards have theirs; and no English statesman would be willing to see the decay of a pride which, though it often takes a coarse and arrogant form, is closely allied to the energy and the enterprise of the nation.

In the next place, Spain is only just beginning to show what she may be. She is by no means a great Power as yet. The wonderful advance in material prosperity which she has made within the last few years is only an earnest of the improvements that ought to be exhibited by a nation which, of all the nations of Europe, is infinitely the most backward if the vastness of its natural resources, the remains of historical greatness, and the qualities of the people are taken into consideration. Almost all the recent public works in Spain are the creation of French and English capital; and it is only since O'DONNELL has held the reins of power with the grasp of a dictator, that internal dissensions have been hushed sufficiently to admit of the cultivation of the arts of peace. Along the lines of railway, and in the ports and arsenals, there are signs of life and activity which make Spain seem a very different country from what it was six or seven years ago. But if the traveller ever diverges into the remoter regions, he soon comes upon the stagnation of an ill-concealed barbarism. There does not appear to be anything like an awakening of the intellect of Spain. The triumph of religious bigotry has bound with its fatal spell the literature, the art, and the science of the nation. But it is unnecessary to dwell on these remoter signs of impotence and backwardness. There is one shortcoming of Spain, of which there is no doubt. She cannot, or will not, pay her debts. It is idle for a nation that continually endures the ignominy of bankruptcy to ask to be recognised as a great Power. Spain must settle with her creditors before she can pretend to have her delicate sense of honour wounded by the foreign occupation of a detached rock on her coast. The glory and satisfaction of paying her debts is one that she can always give herself, and it is one that England would view with peculiar pleasure. It will be time enough for her to ask admission into the councils of Europe, and bid us remember that Gibraltar hurts the pride

of a great nation, when she has begun to practise common honesty.

We certainly have no present intention of giving up Gibraltar, and we have a right to claim that Spain shall be solvent before she pretends to be great; but at the same time we shall be wise to look on the advancement of Spain with a very friendly eye. It is for the permanent interest of both nations that they should be on the best of terms. But, unfortunately, the mode in which Spain is spoken of here on many public occasions is anything but conciliatory. Sometimes the censure is richly deserved. With regard to the Slave Trade especially, Spain is a terrible delinquent; or, rather, the Spaniards are terrible delinquents; for, as Lord PALMERSTON has observed this week, the love of trafficking in slaves is so inherent in Spaniards that their own Government cannot stop it even if it wished. Had the Spaniards of Cuba not defeated the treaties for the abolition of the Slave Trade into which Spain has entered, the trade itself would have almost died out by this time. The excessive bigotry of Spain also furnishes a ground of complaint, which will be thought reasonable or not according as the very completeness of bigotry is or is not thought an excuse for its existence. Latterly, the complaints of the treatment of heretics in Spain have died away, because they have been found to be utterly useless. It may be very wrong that the authorities should treat Protestants as dogs, and the circulation of the Scriptures as we should treat the circulation of obscene libels. But they do it, and they do it successfully, and it is no use to contend with them. It is, however, for the most part, little people who occupy themselves with the proofs of Spanish bigotry, and what they say is not very important. It is wholly inefficacious, and it derives no weight from the speakers. The language with regard to Spain that is really calculated to wound and alienate Spaniards comes from a much higher quarter. Lord PALMERSTON hates Spain and tries to run it down, almost as much as he loves Turkey and tries to run it up. We do not deny that he is in some measure justified. He has fought hard for Spain in his time. He has incurred the risk of war in Europe, and of violent party attacks at home, in order to set the present QUEEN on her throne, and to give the Spaniards the blessings of Constitutional Government. He has been repaid by ingratitude, by the alienation of Spain from England, and by the failure of most of the men that he set up, and the downfall of most of the men whom he favoured. He was tricked and defeated in the scandalous affair of the Spanish Marriages. That he should dislike Spain and the Spaniards is, therefore, very natural; but that he should give vent to his feelings is very unphilosophical. The past transgressions of nations must be allowed to sleep, and, if it is our interest to conciliate them, we must not let the memory of their bad deeds make us refrain from good words. It cannot be right that England should suffer, or that the proper influence of England in Spain should be diminished, because Lord PALMERSTON likes to indulge his pique, and because that pique is in itself not without justification.

The policy of England for the last three hundred years has been to seek in Spain a means of counterbalancing the power of France. Experience has repeatedly proved that, although Spain and France may be bound together by artificial ties, yet the divergence of their interests, and the jealousy of the lesser people, will make themselves felt in critical times if Spain feels herself supported. All the chicanery of Louis XIV., and all the blood and treasure poured out to secure the Throne of Spain to his grandson, availed very little when the real struggle came. Even the BOURBON Kings of Spain so far identified themselves with their adopted country that they often tried hard to be free from the yoke of the country of their birth. It would be a great mistake to allow Spain to ally herself too wholly and permanently with France at the moment when she is beginning to be strong again; and there are many influences at work to draw her more to France than ever. It is chiefly French capital that is making Spain rich, and everyone treats with respect and deference the capitalist on whom he lives. One section at least of the higher world of the two nations is bound together by the parentage of the EMPRESS; and O'DONNELL has avowedly asked the guidance of the EMPEROR on many occasions that he judged of unusual importance to himself and his country. It would be a pity to let this go too far, if we can help it. We cannot, indeed, take any direct measures of precaution, but the recent dispute in Mexico has shown that England and Spain will act together, and oppose France, when their interests are judged to be identical. English capital is flowing into Spain, and, of all modes of influencing Spain, this in the long run will probably be found the most effective. We can receive

with friendly criticism even such strong propositions as that we should give up Gibraltar. We can hint delicately, but firmly, that a nation that wishes to be thought great must learn to pay its way. And we can entreat our statesmen to forget old grudges, and forgive crimes and follies by which Spain and the Queen of Spain have suffered so much more severely than anyone else has done. Some day or other we shall find our account in forbearance and courtesy.

AMERICA.

IN the battles before Richmond, as in all the other principal engagements of the war, the Confederates were strong enough to defeat their adversaries by superior soldiery and skill, but not to follow up their victory. McCLELLAN has some reason to boast of a retreat in which he has taken up, after five or six successive defeats, a position where he has remained unassailed for a fortnight. With the aid of the gun-boats he is probably safe from attack, and experience can only show whether his army is likely to be rendered useless by want and disease. If the Confederate batteries on the right bank of the James River succeed in interrupting the passage of his stores, he must fall back upon York Town, and eventually on Fort Monroe. There can scarcely be any foundation for the rumour that General HALLECK is to be appointed Commander-in-Chief; for, if the army of the Potomac has been unsuccessful, the Western generals have not even had skill enough to bring the enemy to action. General HALLECK lay for three months before the lines of Corinth, to find at last that BEAUREGARD had evacuated them without the loss of a man or a waggon. All the States near the Mississippi are now rising on the invader, and it is doubtful whether General CURTIS, after fighting his way to the Western frontier of Arkansas, will be able to make good his retreat into Tennessee. As both HALLECK and McCLELLAN are Democrats, there is no political reason for a change, and either general, if he attained a great success, would be equally formidable as a rival to STANTON in the next contest for the Presidency. The Americans, on the whole, deserve credit for their steadiness in supporting the second-rate leaders whom they have once accidentally chosen. There has been little disposition to throw the blame of successive defeats on the commanding officers, except when some political purpose was to be served by a denunciation of Republicans or Democrats. It is well known that McCLELLAN attributes his reverses to Mr. STANTON's petty jealousy; and, on the other hand, a supporter of the Secretary for War lately denounced in the House the measures of the General. But the PRESIDENT and the people seem, perhaps not without reason, to think that, whatever may be the faults of officers or of Ministers, no change would produce any considerable advantage. Mr. CAMERON was a little too bold in his operations, and he is consequently relegated to an honourable exile in Russia; but Mr. SIMMONS, a Senator who avowed that he had procured a contract in consideration of a bribe, is deliberately protected by his colleagues from all disagreeable consequences. FREMONT might at his own choice still have retained a command, and he appears to be a favourite with the Abolitionists and extreme Republicans.

Congress has adjourned after appropriating to the war about 180,000,000*l.*, which the SECRETARY of the TREASURY may procure if he can. The produce of the Tax Bill will be nearly or entirely absorbed by the cost of civil administration and by the interest on the debt. The expense of the war must be met with the aid of all the different descriptions of paper which Mr. CHASE's ingenuity can devise to stimulate the jaded appetite of the community. The representatives of the people have contributed as little to the solution of political difficulties as to the removal of financial embarrassments. With the progress of the war, the Republicans have constantly increased their power, and their votes display a reckless indifference to the possibility of conciliating the South. One of their latest Acts authorizes the employment of negroes in military operations, and the vague language of the measure will enable any Abolitionist General to enrol fugitive slaves in regiments, as well as to employ them on entrenchments and fortifications. The Confiscation Bill appears to be a mere outbreak of spite, or perhaps it was only intended to flatter the anger and conceit of the multitude. After sixty days from the passage of the Bill, any person who takes civil or military office under the Confederate Government is liable to suffer death, which may be commuted for five years' imprisonment, with confiscation of property. As the Seceders have, however, according to the unanimous assertion

of the North, long since committed treason, it might have been thought that fresh penal legislation was altogether unnecessary. Neither the authors of the Bill nor its supporters can have thought that so idle a menace would deprive the enemy of the services of a single soldier or civilian. It was thought expedient to bluster, and to assume a legal sovereignty over States which have for more than a year maintained their independence, while by their gigantic efforts they have almost exhausted the Federal resources. Americans can understand that in 1777 or 1778 it would have been absurd, as well as criminal, for the English Government to treat WASHINGTON as a traitor. The threat of hanging or imprisoning all the respectable inhabitants of the South is a singular illustration of incapable vulgarity. It happens that the same enlightened politicians who make up for defeats by penal laws against the victors are, with good reason, anxious to organize a regular system of exchanges with the South; and it can hardly be expected that the Confederate Government should surrender its prisoners when its own officers are treated as criminals. The law of confiscation will never be put in force; but in the meantime it serves as an argument for Secession by proving that the Northern Government has formed no practical design of restoring the Union.

The American eagle has at present but little excuse for crowing and flapping its wings. During a fortnight after the issue of the PRESIDENT's proclamation for 300,000 volunteers scarcely 20,000 had enlisted. In New England, in New York, and, perhaps, in the Western States, a certain number of recruits will sooner or later answer the summons; but it may be remembered that Tennessee and Kentucky, as well as Maryland and Virginia, are included in the list of States from which the new levy is to be collected. The young men who are in theory to fill up HALLECK's or McCLELLAN's regiments are the very soldiers who are invidiously called guerillas when they fall upon isolated Federal posts in the Western States. Virginia has all its available population already in the field under the Confederate flag. Kentucky and Maryland are only waiting an opportunity to rise; and Tennessee is but partially kept down by the army which lately operated against BEAUREGARD. It is true that the Confederates cannot hope to recover the command of the coasts and rivers; but since the fall of New Orleans they have lost none of their ports; and in all parts of the interior they seem to be securing the ascendancy. The vast armies which were raised by the North have proved unequal to the task which they had undertaken; and it seems certain that the campaign of the autumn must be carried on with reduced numbers.

The difficulty of raising money will probably be found insuperable. The loan of last year, raised in specie at the rate of 7½ per cent., is now nearly at par in a currency which has fallen to 20 per cent. discount. It follows that, if the interest were paid in gold, it would now represent about 9 per cent. on the principal, and with every successive issue of loans or of paper currency the real value will necessarily be reduced. As the prices of commodities will rise with the depreciation of the currency, the Treasury will have to provide increased sums for every purchase of arms or stores. It may be doubted whether the loans which will be required can be obtained even on exorbitant terms. A large portion of the available capital of the country must already have been absorbed in Government stocks; and even if the public credit had not been deteriorated, lenders will be unable to come forward, as well as unwilling. The extravagant outlay of the past year would have been justified by the event, if the North, by putting forth its whole strength, and anticipating its future resources, could have terminated the war. European critics thought that success was improbable; and when they were reviled for their scepticism, they calmly admitted that the fortune of war was uncertain. The opinion that no country could spend six or seven times its income for a long series of years was not equally dependent on contingencies. The premium of 20 per cent. on gold, and the withdrawal of silver from circulation, only represent the approach of the embarrassments which have been incurred in wilful and obstinate ignorance. It will soon become difficult to provide for the expenses of the war even in paper, and, although a bankrupt country may defend its independence, a war of conquest and invasion cannot be gratuitously carried on. General POPE has already announced that his army in Northern Virginia is to live on the country which it occupies. Such an arrangement may, perhaps, be found practicable, especially at harvest time; but it will follow that the army can never be maintained in a friendly country. It is not impossible that General JACKSON may save the Federalists the trouble of reaping the wheat crops in the Shenandoah Valley,

and, at the best, the Government of Washington will find by experience that plunder is likely to furnish but an insufficient remedy for insolvency.

RADICALISM IN 1862.

THE political annalist who should undertake to write the records of the Session of 1862 from the Radical point of view would encounter at the outset a difficulty not unlike that which embarrassed the learned Norwegian when he came to treat of the natural history of the serpents of his native land. "There are no serpents in Norway;" and there is nothing in the Parliamentary events of the past six months which any judicious friend of Radicalism can be interested in preserving from oblivion. The session now closing has been a dismally unprofitable one, both as regards the objects at which Ultra-Liberalism aims and the public influence and reputation of its leading champions. Not only have they conspicuously failed in their few and feeble efforts to recommend their doctrines to Parliamentary and national acceptance, but their failures have not been such as to raise the faintest hope of future triumphs. Uniform discomfiture in the House of Commons has neither been redeemed by any remarkable display of the qualities which ought to have commanded success, nor compensated by any tokens of sympathy or confidence out of doors. It is not wonderful that the Radical journals are in a desperately bad humour at the retrospect of a session which is something worse than a blank in the annals of their political sect. Denunciations of a "degraded" Parliament furnish, no doubt, a natural and pleasing relief to the feelings of gentlemen who have an uneasy consciousness of the fact that they are unprofitable public servants. Unfortunately, however, there is no evidence that any considerable portion of the community participates in the indignation felt or affected by the organs of the advanced Reformers against a House of Commons which steadily discountenances their theories. The country has acquiesced, with provoking equanimity, in the abeyance or defeat of all the pet crotchets of an unpopular school; and a National Conference at the Whittington Club is the solitary indication furnished by the history of the last half-year that there is still a section of the public for which the stock phrases of the democratic platform possess a certain traditional interest.

It would be difficult to recall a single instance in which the distinctive doctrines of Radicalism have been creditably or effectively represented in the debates of the expiring session. Whether it be Church-rates, or Ballot, or Retrenchment, or any other Shibboleth of the school, the advanced Reformers have never succeeded, either in or out of Parliament, in producing any appreciable impression in favour of their tenets. Sir JOHN THRELAWNY and his friends of the Liberation Society have managed matters with so much tact and judgment as to have converted a large majority into a minority. Mr. BERKELEY snatched a brief and nominal triumph for the sacred principle of underhand voting by a foolish schoolboy trick which would have brought contempt on a better cause; but the few sincere advocates of a crotchet which was once made respectable by the championship of Mr. GROTE are apparently of opinion that the jest will not bear repetition. So, at least, we infer from the intimation that they are about to present him with a testimonial, which may perhaps be taken as a polite hint that he is henceforth at liberty to rest on his reputation and leave his work to other hands. In their exertions as guardians of the public purse, the Friends of the People have consistently kept in view their favourite theory that the proper time for criticizing the estimates is after they have been voted; and they have been contented to amuse themselves, as heretofore, with empty posthumous denunciations of an alleged extravagance to which they had been tacitly consenting parties. With the exception of Mr. WHITE and his Eleven, our Parliamentary Radicals remain unanimous in the opinion that it is the correct thing for patriots to allow a Minister to make ducks and drakes of the people's money, provided they do not forget to declaim against profligate expenditure when it is too late to check it. This singular principle of action was explicitly avowed by Mr. STANSFELD, when he brought forward his remarkably useless motion in June, condemning estimates which he had allowed to pass without a word of remonstrance in March. More conspicuous champions of retrenchment than the member for Halifax have repeatedly given proof that they practically accept the same amazing paradox which he expressly defends in theory. Both Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT make it an invariable rule to reserve their invectives against bloated armaments and lavish estimates until after the year's supplies have been voted. The systematic abdication of a

very simple and obvious duty is appropriately punished by a merited loss of influence and reputation. Impartial observers know how to appreciate the services of patriots who are able, year after year, to reconcile a silent acquiescence in the votes for the army and navy with a vehement disapproval of the expenditure and the policy which those votes necessarily imply.

There are other causes for the waning influence of Radicalism besides the weakness or violence of its Parliamentary representatives. Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, with the whole of their school, are inevitably discredited, in more ways than one, by the events now in progress on the other side of the Atlantic. The democratic Government which they used to hold up to their countrymen as the pattern on which the institutions of England ought to be remodelled, has been found to afford no security against the very worst of the moral and political evils which were once pronounced to be the distinctive products of Old-World monarchy and aristocracy. Armaments bloated beyond all European precedent, jobbery which was probably never equalled in the worst days of British boroughmongering, and ferocious political animosities which find expression in official documents that the civilization of the age brands as infamous, are seen to be compatible with the supremacy of universal suffrage and the ballot-box. It is unnecessary to speculate on the precise degree to which the most revolting characteristics of the war between Federals and Confederates may be due to a form of Government which gives sovereign power to a half-educated multitude. It is enough that the institutions which have been held up from a hundred platforms to the envy and admiration of Englishmen, as a panacea for all social and political disorders, are experimentally shown to afford no security against the greatest of national crimes and the wildest of national delusions. It must be difficult for the least discriminating admirer of Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT to see what is passing in America, and to retain an unqualified confidence in their judgment, or an unhesitating faith in their doctrines.

But it is not only, nor chiefly, because American institutions have failed to avert the most tremendous calamity that a nation ever inflicted on itself, that the war between North and South is ruinous to the influence of politicians who, only three years ago, were emulously courted and flattered by rival candidates for power. Mr. BRIGHT and his associates might have escaped, by a candid renunciation of infallibility, the worst part of the discredit brought on them by the events which have falsified all their cherished theories. They have preferred a flagrant sacrifice of every principle which they formerly professed, to the faintest confession of a possible error in judgment. Mr. BRIGHT, in particular, has not only allowed his democratic partisanship to blunt his perceptions and overbear his reason, but has been openly false to moral convictions which were once supposed to have for him all the sanctity of religion. The champion of peace-at-any-price in the Old World is the champion of war-at-any-price in the New World. He has not hesitated to approve and applaud the biggest and fiercest war that this generation has seen—a war of conquest, a war for empire, a war between men speaking a common language and owning a common origin. Not only has he never uttered a word in deprecation or condemnation of this fearful conflict—he has publicly justified it. He has been at the pains of proving that the Northern and Southern sections of the late Union must fight till one has subjugated or exterminated the other, as Nature and Providence have clearly ordained that they cannot live in peace side by side as independent communities. Homicide on the very largest scale, with its attendant curses of boundless debt and grinding taxation, has found an apologist in the man who whimpered over the slaughter in the Crimean campaign, who has a scruple about hanging murderers, and who thinks it sinful to spend English money on an army and navy. It is impossible that so scandalous a recreancy to principle should not bring with it a fatal loss of moral influence and authority. While the deplorable calamity which has come over the industry of Lancashire has thrown a new light on the assumed economical purism and political prescience of the leaders of the Manchester School, the shameless self-contradiction into which its foremost men have allowed themselves to be betrayed has for ever deprived them of all right to be listened to when they talk of peace and retrenchment. Radicalism will doubtless survive the "Conservative reaction," and may possibly find in future sessions representatives who will more or less succeed in redeeming it from the imputation of pretentious feebleness and laborious inutility; but no political party need hope to prosper which consents to be led by the Quaker apologist for a fratricidal war.

FORTIFICATIONS.

THE series of discussions on the Fortification project of the Government has been not unfitly closed by the debate in the House of Lords. There was not, perhaps, very much to be said that had not been repeated over and over again by the more prolix disputants of the House of Commons; but, after the bewildering mass of counter assertions and conflicting theories which have enveloped the subject in a cloud as dense in its way as any that the guns of forts and ships combined could raise, it is a great relief to have the really essential points of the controversy brought out shortly and sharply in a single evening's debate. No one in his senses has ever said that the comparative advantages of fortifications and armies in the field, of naval fortresses and iron ships, were entirely on one side; and the great mistake of a large party in the House of Commons, and pre-eminently of Lord GREY in the House of Lords, has been to assume that, because the scheme of the Government involved some drawbacks, it ought to be met with unqualified condemnation. The broad question whether fortresses or permanently entrenched camps, on the gigantic scale which modern artillery has rendered necessary, are likely to prove a source of strength or weakness, does not admit of an answer without reference to the peculiar circumstances of the country which relies on such aids. It is perfectly true that a large fortress necessarily absorbs a considerable force; and it may also be conceded to Lord GREY that 60,000 men distributed among half-a-dozen fortified dockyards would not supply the means of defending any point of the coast where a landing might be attempted as readily as an equal force stationed in a central position in railway communication with the coast. But this truism is a very slight foundation on which to build the conclusion that, because our standing army is small, therefore it ought to be deprived of the assistance of those scientific defences which enable a few men to do the work of many, and make a half-trained army almost equal to veteran soldiers. All that can be asserted in the shape of general maxims amounts to this:—Fortresses diminish the mobility of an army for two reasons; first, because they cannot be manned without sacrificing concentration; secondly, because they cannot be left empty without offering a tempting position to an invading enemy. On the other hand, fortresses increase the strength of an army by making one battalion strong enough to resist three or four, and by raising militia and volunteers, for the immediate purpose, very nearly to the level of regular troops.

Starting from these obvious principles, what is the right course for England to pursue? Should everything be sacrificed to concentration and mobility, or ought we to make the most of our irregular strength by the aid of walls and ditches? The only argument on the one side is that the army is so small that troops cannot be spared to man a number of first-class fortresses. The answer given by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE seems quite conclusive. Our army is small and our irregular forces are large—therefore, multiply their strength by the aid of fortification. Again, the dockyards are vital to the existence of the navy, and our small force, however well posted, could not be brought down to a number of threatened points in sufficient strength, or with sufficient speed, to save the cradles of our naval power from destruction. All the dockyards must be able to hold out for a reasonable time against a sudden attack with their own resources alone, and it is impossible that this can be done unless they are surrounded by lines of enormous extent. The only reply which has ever been attempted to this reasoning is that the navy ought to be able to save the dockyards and to prevent a landing at any point of the coast. In other words, the discussion being as to the best mode of utilizing our land forces, we are asked to reject fortifications on the assumption that no land defences can, under any circumstances, be required. Once admit the possibility of a landing, and there does not remain a shred of argument in favour of Lord GREY's strategy of concentration as opposed to forts. Earthworks for the defence of vital and exposed positions, manned almost exclusively by militia and volunteers, would leave the regular army at liberty to act to the best advantage, without being compelled always to keep itself ready for a hasty summons to Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Chatham, almost or quite at the same time. Clearly, therefore, if ever the army has to act at all, it will do so to more purpose with fortifications than without them.

There remains nothing to be said against the plan, except what may be urged on the score of economy. Those who can persuade themselves that the navy is certain, under all circumstances, to render the disembarkation of an enemy or the bombardment of a dockyard impossible, have a right to complain not only of fortifications, but of every

kind of military defence, as a gratuitous waste of money; and, to be logical, Lord GREY ought to speak and vote against militia and volunteers as decidedly as against the proposed fortification of our most important arsenals. But, in truth, no one does believe that any navy which could be kept up in time of peace would be sufficient for such a purpose. Each dockyard would require a fleet for its own protection strong enough to crush the whole navy of an enemy, which might be concentrated on the selected point of attack. In addition to the ships detailed for this purpose, a powerful and almost ubiquitous fleet would be essential to guard hundreds of miles of open coast; and this, it must be remembered, is the plan which is advocated on the ground of economy. The reasoning, in fact, refutes itself. If it is a waste of money and strength to lock up militiamen within lines of fortification, how much more thriftless must it be to lock up whole fleets of costly ships for a similar purpose. Looked at in whatever way, the policy of protecting the dockyards by lines of circumvallation seems to be at once the most effective and economical method of defence, and the one which is, above all others, suited to a country which combines, with a small army thoroughly fit for the field, an almost unlimited supply of men quite competent to hold defensive works.

On the main point in issue, the debate must strike any one who is unbiassed on the subject as very conclusive in favour of the Government policy; but it does at the same time show, on both sides, a very alarming disposition to postpone indefinitely the still more important task of strengthening the navy. Lord ELLENBOROUGH very justly observed, that "the opposition to the Spithead forts was made on the ground that iron ships would afford us better protection; but we have given over the forts, and we have not heard of the iron ships." The opponents of fortifications seem to be quite content to use ships and floating batteries as weapons of Parliamentary warfare, without troubling themselves whether the ships are built, provided only that the forts be delayed. The Government, too—whether because they rely on fortifications alone, or because they cannot economise the money which Parliament has voted, and dare not ask for more—are acquiescing in a state of things which is full of peril. If the navy cannot do all that Lord GREY would ask of it, it must nevertheless be the first, though not the only, line of defence. At present we have neither ships that can fight nor docks in which they can be repaired. Half-a-dozen iron vessels make up the British navy, and there are but two or three docks in which a first-class frigate like the *Warrior* can be placed to refit. In the face of these facts we are told that nothing is to be done to add to the accommodation of the dockyards, and that the creation of an iron navy cannot be commenced in earnest until the completion of a number of experimental vessels, which will be launched, perhaps, in 1864. It would be a pity that the most perfect model of a man-of-war should only be ascertained after the conclusion of the next war; and it might perhaps be safer to work on our present experience than to remain longer without defence because science is inconveniently progressive, and the ships of this year may prove inferior to those which we may learn to build at some distant date. Not only now, but always, experiments and improvements must be going on; but the essentially experimental stage of iron-shipbuilding is so far past, that it is no longer safe to delay the reconstruction of the fleet. Nor are all the experiments for which we are asked to wait by any means of a promising character. Because it has no large docks, the wonderful Board of Admiralty is devoting its energies to the attempt to reduce the size of men of war—in other words, it is struggling against the laws of nature. Every day adds to the thickness of the plating and the weight of the guns which it is found necessary to place upon our floating castles; but the Board has hit on the clever device of fitting its ships to its docks, instead of adapting them to the duties they have to perform. The one thing that is certain on the subject is, that, as the load of armour and of guns increases, the size of ships must either be increased or some sacrifice of essential qualities must be submitted to. To combine high speed, powerful armaments, and protection from shot, great size is absolutely indispensable, and all that can be gathered from the Duke of SOMERSET's speech is that the construction of the iron navy is indefinitely postponed until the Admiralty shall have invented a model ship with nothing to recommend it except that it will be able to enter Portsmouth Dockyard. If the building of forts is to entail the neglect of the navy, it would be better to be guided by Lord GREY's fallacies than to rest in fancied security while forts are delayed for further information, and ships are postponed until the Board of Admiralty shall have triumphed over a physical impossibility.

THE POACHING BILL.

THERE seems to be no limit to the power of catchwords in beguiling the minds of politicians. The Emperor of the FRENCH is able to persuade his people to submit to an amount of tyranny, a tenth part of which, at the hands of Louis PHILIPPE, would have caused a revolution, by telling them that he is the "*Élu du peuple*." The name of Democracy has enlisted all the most Radical papers in England in defence of a system of government in America which pays in assignats, cheapens food by the law of the maximum, imprisons for a disloyal smile, and maintains itself by an absolute suppression of the liberty of speech and writing. To something of the same delusion must be attributed the enthusiasm with which a portion of the Liberal party have taken up the opposition to the Poaching Bill. There was no more genuine grievance than the oppression which the peasantry in all parts of Northern Europe suffered, up to a recent period, from the ruthless sportsmanship of their superiors. The grievance has now utterly disappeared; but the catchword has an independent vitality of its own. The professional friend of the people still pricks up his ears at the sound of the word Game Law, as if the old Forest Laws, or at least, the old Qualification Law, were still in force. If all past associations could only be forgotten, the question would be too simple for debate. Nobody has ventured to maintain that one man has a right to trespass on another's land to take off it the game he finds on it. No one denies that such an act is an offence against the law. Nor is there any controversy about the punishment which ought to be inflicted for such an offence. The fierce battle, of which the House of Commons has been the scene night after night, from eve until dawn, has arisen wholly upon the question of what agency was to be employed to detect the offender. The promoters of the Bill insist that it should be done by the police, who exist for the purpose of generally preventing and detecting offences against the criminal law. The opponents of the bill demand that the owners of the property endangered should keep a special police for the purpose, who should be powerless to search or arrest offenders except upon the very scene of their depredations. This is the condition of the issue that has been joined between those who wish to bring poaching under the cognizance of the police, and those who insist that the law of the country should be enforced exclusively by private gamekeepers.

The arguments of Mr. FORSTER and his friends are not so much fallacious as unintelligible. If they believed in the poacher's right to poach, they would very logically object to creating more effective contrivances for his punishment. If they thought the law over-severe against his offence, they might desire naturally, if not very legitimately, to connive at his escape. But no one has ventured to maintain either of these views. The argumentative position, therefore, which they occupy, is unique. They believe the poacher to be guilty, and they believe him to deserve the penalty he incurs; but yet they desire to make his detection as difficult and uncertain as they can. One opponent of the bill, Alderman SIDNEY, has frankly confessed that he has a great many poachers among his constituents. His course, under such circumstances, requires no explanation. Other opponents of the bill have not been so candid. Still, it is remarkable that the opposition proceeds almost exclusively from the representatives of large towns, whose legitimate interest in the question is inappreciable. They are all likely to be about as familiar with the subject matter as Mr. Cox, who confidently disputed the assertion that there are a large number of pheasants in Norfolk. Their secret opinions concerning the morality of poaching do not probably differ much from those expressed by one of the indignant correspondents of the *Daily News*, who protests that it is monstrous, now the Lancashire weavers are starving, to hinder them from procuring their ordinary winter's food. But they do not venture to put forward such opinions in the House of Commons. They have been compelled to veil their decided preference for the poacher over the squire under an interminable series of grammatical and technical objections.

The discussions upon this bill have raised the more important question, whether the time has not come for the far more important change of declaring game to be property in the ordinary sense. It is rather difficult, at first sight, to discover how it ever came to be viewed in any other light. Arguing from the nature of things, no reason suggests itself why property in land should be mineralogical and botanical, and not zoological. No one disputes a man's property in the flora which grows upon the surface of his land, or the mineral that lies under its soil. Why is the fauna that

breeds on it to be specially excluded? It is true that the animals may stray from one estate to another; and their power of doing so, and the impossibility of claiming them when they have done so, may render a modification of the laws of property necessary, as between one landowner and another. It is desirable for convenience sake, and to avoid disputes, that animals whose ownership cannot be traced should be owned according to the land on which they are found. But that arrangement between neighbouring landowners in no way affects the trespasser, who is not on his own land at all. The qualifications in the right of property in game, which are necessary in order to adjust the claims of landowners among themselves, can give no sort of right or claim to the poacher. The truth is, that the peculiar status which in the present day is given to game by the English law, and the laxity of popular morality on the subject, is a Nemesis on the usurpations of the great sportsmen of old. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. The special doctrines about game were originally invented, not to favour the poacher, but to suit the lord of the manor. It was for their own purposes that feudal magnates established a distinction between the property in the land and the property in the game which bred on it. They claimed it, not only upon their own land, but upon the land of inferior feudatories, and upon the common lands and woods. It was entirely their doing that the people learned to dissociate property in game from property in land; and the law, by maintaining special doctrines concerning a property in these particular animals, and applying special provisions for its protection, has powerfully contributed to keep alive the popular confusion of ideas.

But it is disgraceful that prejudices so antiquated should still continue to influence the House of Commons. The law must not halt between two opinions. Either game preservers have a right to their game, or they have not. If they have not, it ought to be plainly declared, that they may be saved from investing their money in a branch of production whose fruits they are not allowed to keep. If they have the right, it ought to be secured to them as effectively as all other rights are secured. If a man's pheasants are his own at all, they are as much his own as his poultry or his trees. Qualified property does not mean, as the poaching representatives appear to imagine, property which those may take who have the power, and those may keep who can. It means property whose ownership may indeed change, but which, whoever its owner at the time may be, is as sacred from violence as any other. That it is peculiarly liable to depredation is certainly no reason why it should not be protected. Shops are more liable to be robbed than private houses. People who sit up late are more liable to be garrotted than people who go to bed early. People who travel in omnibuses are more liable to have their pockets picked than people who travel in cabs. But the protection of the law is not refused to them on that account. The restriction of police protection to those who do not need it is a principle which—though the police are accused of applying it in practice—has not yet been formally adopted into our system. If police-rates were only paid by those whose lives and property are the most exposed to violence, the metropolitan police-rates would be levied almost exclusively on the poorer parts of London. It will be prudent in the landowners so far to defer to popular feeling as to bear to the utmost possible extent the expense of protecting their own preserves. The principal use to which the new bill ought in practice to be put is to prevent the returning gangs of poachers from finding in the great towns a ready market for their spoil. But, if the question is to be argued as a matter of right, the landowners' preserves have as much right to be protected from depredation by the police as the shop of a jeweller in the Strand.

THE SESSION.

THE Parliament of 1862 belongs to the number of those fortunate communities which have no history. Its quiet and unobtrusive course can only be suitably described by negatives. It has turned out no Government; it has passed no great legislative measures; it has produced no great oratorical efforts; it has supported no great administrative policy. A temporary torpor has crept over the political life of England. The event which has desolated our Queen's happy home has, for the time, hushed the battle-cries of party politicians; and all the love of political excitement which is natural to an energetic race, and which in other days has been a potent incentive to domestic agitation, is absorbed and glutted by the fearful catastrophe that is slowly progressing to a terrible maturity among a kindred people. In such a state of things, the forces that drive the political machine are wanting. There have been neither the prizes of ambition, nor the sympathy of any

considerable section of the people out of doors to spur or to sustain the activity of politicians. The session, therefore, has been equally barren of great Ministerial enterprises or great Opposition assaults. In two cases eager spirits were found who were willing to disturb its even tenor, and connect its memory with measures of violent change; and their failure sums up its party history. Mr. Lowe's well-matured plans for revolutionizing education, and Mr. Disraeli's schemes for combining the Conservatives and the Financial Reformers in an onset on the Government, can hardly be said to have miscarried, for they were scarcely even started. They both came to the birth, but there was not strength to bring them forth. They were never even submitted to the trial of a vote. Both evaporated harmlessly in the presence of an unmistakably adverse House of Commons. It was a significant evidence of the diluted and innocuous condition to which party hostility is reduced, that in each case Mr. Walpole was the mouth-piece of the Opposition.

Save for these two incidents, the House was compelled to be peaceable for lack of matter on which to fight, even if it had been disposed to be quarrelsome. A certain amount of combativeness, even in the calmest times, must be expected in any body of men whose speeches are reported in the newspapers. But in the earlier part of the year, it was difficult for those who had no taste for ecclesiastical subjects to find a battle-field for its display. The ordinary materials for a contest were wholly wanting. The Ministry did not even introduce any such homoeopathic dose of Reform as that of which the Four Seats Bill was the vehicle last year. And, for the first time in the course of fifteen years, their sickness infected their supporters. For once the annuals did not bloom. That hardy variety of the plant which derives from the *odium theologium* its power of defying all the vicissitudes of political climate appeared to be as thriving as in any former year. But the secular plants never showed above the ground. Mr. Locke King appears to have subsided in his old age into a craven acquiescence in those feudal enormities which it was once his mission to overthrow. Younger sons are still younger sons, and yet his voice is silent. The Chandos clause, so often doomed, lives on; but the inspiring idea of a ten-pound county voter no longer animates him with the same glorious enthusiasms of yore. If he gives way, it is no wonder that young and raw recruits like Mr. Baines should waver. Besides, a speech like that which Mr. Baines delivered in favour of the ideal working man last year is not a performance that can be repeated at discretion. One year's repose is insufficient to enable him to secrete statistics in sufficient abundance to replace the ample stream which he discharged on that occasion. Drier and gaudier plants may waste their vital power in an annual bloom; but Mr. Baines, more like the substantial and succulent aloe, flowers but once in a hundred years. The burden which he has thrown down no one else seems inclined to take up; and the six-pounder in towns may join with his ten-pound brother in the counties, in an Amosian lament over the fickleness of politicians. Of all the goodly brood of Radical proposals by which the Constitution was formerly threatened, the Ballot is the only survivor that still occasionally crawls out into the light of day. But its appearance is of little use for the purpose of stimulating debate in the House of Commons. It is generally received in a full House, and then its opponents are so clamorous for a division that no defence of it is listened to. Sometimes, on rare occasions, of which one was furnished by the present year, it is introduced in a thin House, and then its supporters are so anxious for a division that they unanimously renounce the privilege of defending it altogether.

If Reform contributed nothing towards relieving members of their superfluous pugnacity, Finance was scarcely more useful in that respect. The Ministerial Budget, considering that it was nominally the work of Mr. Gladstone, was a marvel of simplicity. Mr. Gladstone's Budgets generally have as many sharp points as a *cheval-de-frise*. The great merit that is ascribed to them is that they are "intrepid"—that is, that they run impartially deep into the flesh of every one with whom they come in contact on every side. But in preparing the Budget of the present year, the file had been mercilessly used by some shrewder colleague. All the points and angles were taken off. There was nothing salient, nothing defiant, nothing even conspicuous in the Budget. It was adjusted to obtain the maximum of money, with the minimum of annoyance—exactly reversing the principles upon which Mr. Gladstone's Budgets are ordinarily constructed. The only persons who were obviously injured by it were the brewers who were in the habit of largely adulterating their beer; and they, of course, were not anxious to proclaim the fact by too obtrusive an opposition. Framed on such principles, the Budget offered little holding-ground to objectors. The only thing that remained to be done was to criticize the Budgets of former years by the aid of the results which the financial statement had brought to light. It was no very arduous task. The Paper Duty was only too "conspicuous by its absence" on the credit side of the national account. All the prophecies of financial confusion which Mr. Horsman and other opponents of the remission had uttered were more than justified by the event. The accumulated deficiencies which have been the fruit of two years of hazardous finance furnished Mr. Disraeli with materials for a biting invective in his most caustic style. It was welcomed by the House as a grateful stimulant amid the tedium of a listless session. But it did not raise any general discussion. The flagellation of irreparable errors only excited interest from the vigour with which the lashes were laid on. The House did not need to be convinced that Mr. Glad-

stone was a dangerous financier; and the question of how resources had been thrown away excited a feeble interest compared to the more pressing question of how they were to be made good. This apathetic state of feeling lasted till the Budget had safely reached its haven. But in respect to finance, as in other matters, the session showed a noticeable tendency to increased activity during its later months. Scarcely had the Budget passed into law, when a strong inclination became visible in various parts of the House to scrutinize the expenditure on which it was based. Mr. Stansfeld's motion and Mr. Walpole's amendment were, in their literal sense, absurd enough, because they were aimed at estimates which the House had but just sanctioned with scarcely a dissentient voice. But they were important as indicating that the House of Commons had become less tractable upon financial questions than it had been in the spring. Lord Palmerston's dexterous amendment, which, in effect, denied the charge of extravagance, but promised not to do it again, was an involuntary recognition of their changed mood. As the session went on, the feeling became more pronounced. The assembly which in February had passed the Army Estimates without a murmur, in July struggled desperately to escape from the Fortifications Bill. The steady support which Lord Palmerston commanded from what Mr. Cobden calls the "least advanced portion" of the Conservatives, saved him from any risk of defeat; but that he should have been driven to such a resource for support on such a question must be taken as a prognostic that uncomfortable weather is at hand. That some angel will soon descend and trouble the waters, and that in those troubled waters their own official vitality may perchance be renewed, is clearly the opinion of Mr. Bernal Osborne and Mr. Monsell, and others who are now lying high and dry upon the bank. Whether they have good ground for those anticipations time alone can show; but they are probably well acquainted with the sections of their own party, and will know to what extent discontent exists, which cannot yet be traced on the division list.

The last six weeks of the session have shown, upon other matters besides expenditure, the same renovated combativeness among at least the rank and file of the House of Commons. In the absence of more suitable subject matter, it fastened upon the most absurd trivialities. Members would have been content to battle over measures of organic change, or new schemes of taxation, if there had been any such to serve the purpose. Failing them, they have been driven, in sheer destitution, to fight over the Embankment of the Thames, and the mode of apprehending poachers. These debates have curiously shown how little class hostilities have been blunted by a compulsory abstinence from proposals of organic change. The portion of the nation that has something to lose, and has no taste for the results of democracy as they have been exhibited in America and France, has vetoed the agitation for Reform. They have wisely judged it to be a question too momentous in its issues to be left to the intrigues of professional politicians. But the muzzle to which the Radicals are forced to submit has not made them more affectionate to their natural enemies than they were before. The baiting of Lords and Squires is a sport that has not lost its charm because it can no longer be conducted at the expense of the Constitution. This feeling, which seems to be unreservedly reciprocated by those at whom it is pointed, has furnished to the debates of the last six weeks that superior vivacity which has favourably distinguished them from the debates of the spring. Under its influence, the discussion of the Thames Embankment Bill, which in busier years would have been dealt with as an ordinary improvement bill, was converted into a debate on the merits of dukes in general, and the Duke of Buccleuch in particular; and a great deal of lively criticism was exchanged between the opposing disputants upon that momentous question. This revived antagonism gains strength as time goes on. The Poaching Bill, which was later in date, furnished a more suitable opportunity for its expression. In itself, the measure was the mildest conceivable infusion of penal legislation. A bill which merely gave power to the police to search suspected offenders against the law, in order to ascertain whether or not the proofs of their offence were on them, might have seemed too insignificant to excite any bitter controversy. But it was a conductor, as good as any other, to discharge the contempt which the representative of a large town feels for the county member, and which the county member was not backward to repay. The antagonism which has sprung up, during the debates upon the Fortifications Bill, between Lord Palmerston and the extreme Left, is of itself an indication that the salutary taste for compromise, which has lately distinguished the House of Commons, is fast dying away.

The scanty legislation of the session is due, in part, to the peculiar position of the Government. Their tenure of office, brief as it has been, has bridged over an important period of transition. They took office at a time when it was generally believed that the nation was anxious for organic change—they retain it now, when that belief has been ascertained by the severest tests to be a delusion. They were constituted upon the one theory, and they have to work upon the other. The chief article in their original programme has been, perforce, left out, and they find some difficulty in filling the void. For a time, Mr. Gladstone's unwholesome activity came to their rescue; but now that his comprehensive schemes have been thrust aside by the alarming embarrassments of the Exchequer, the legislative budget of the Government has been reduced to the scantiest proportions. The consequent inaction of the House of Commons is far from being

an unmixed evil. Some cynics may even be found to maintain that it is never so harmlessly employed as in passing statutes upon the mortgage of Burial Rates and the stowage of Petroleum. It is only the contrast between the long sittings and the poultry legislation that provokes disparaging criticism. A certain number of measures, however, have been passed, which may some day prove the basis of effective legislation. The making of laws, where no political theory is in question, is conducted in England with a deliberation highly salutary to the community, but very disheartening to the legislator. The first step in the process is for him to propound his scheme. A host of opposing interests spring up, in deference to each one of which a portion of the scheme must be pared off. He is compelled accordingly to withdraw it; and the next year he reintroduces it in its reduced and mitigated form. He finds it is still too large for the strait gate through which it is to pass. It is submitted again to the paring-knife; and perhaps again and again—until at last everything that is angular or rigid about it has been removed. When every enactment has been made optional, and every change has been made temporary, and all the machinery has been unhinged, and every precaution has been taken that no part of it shall work, then the measure is inoffensive enough to slip through. This is the first stage in English law-making. Then commences the second stage. After a time, the practical weaknesses of the emasculated measure begin to show themselves. The necessity of simpler machinery or more summary enactments become a matter of experience. The most sceptical are convinced by what passes before their eyes. And so, gradually, by a succession of amending enactments, the law is brought back into something like the condition in which it first issued from the brain of its original projector. During the present session several new laws enacted in this fashion have completed the first stage of their existence. The Highways Bill and the Land Bills are the *caput mortuum* that has remained after several processes of distillation. They contain all that several years of controversy have left of the original proposals for facilitating the progress of conveyances both on roads and parchment. It is idle to suppose that, in their present form, they will do much to smoothe the way either along a parish lane or through an attorney's office. But a few adventurous persons will probably be found to try them; and when they have ascertained by experience where the weakness of the new legislation lies, they will come to Parliament for a further remedy. The same remark applies to the Poaching Bill. Its operation, as it stands, will not be very energetic. But it hastens our progress to that identification of the laws which apply to the poultry of the woods with those which apply to the poultry of the farmyard, to which legislation on this subject, if common sense has any power, must inevitably come. Parliament during the present session can hardly be said to have passed laws. It has passed provisional blunders, which it is hoped by those who are familiar with the weaknesses of the public mind will in due time irritate the public into demanding effective laws. In this sense, it may be said that the present Parliament has borne its part in the cumbrous and circuitous process of legislation. It has contributed a species of legislative manure, out of whose decomposition living and healthy laws will grow; and manuring is an operation which, though uninteresting and unsavoury, is still respectable in its way.

Church legislation—or rather non-legislation—is so peculiar a branch of the duties of Parliament that it deserves an independent mention. It strictly belongs to the political or partisan business of the House, but it is not conducted upon the ordinary principles which govern party fights. It creates a deeper and wider interest in the country than any other portion of the contentions proceedings in Parliament; it affects elections more powerfully, and draws forth petitions more largely; but yet it is a matter upon which neither Government nor Opposition, as such, profess to have a policy. Members of the Government, such as Mr. Gladstone and Sir Roundell Palmer, vote with the Opposition; and leaders of the Opposition, such as Lord Stanley, vote with the Government. It has not formed a prominent feature in the proceedings of this year. The Dissenters are still disheartened at the result of the "Church Wednesdays" of last year. Sir John Trelawny and Mr. Monckton Milnes were the only champions who came up to time, and both of them were ignominiously defeated by those House of Commons accidents which generally imply that members have only a nominal sympathy with the eagerness of their constituents. Mr. Monckton Milnes was beaten because his division was too early, and Sir John Trelawny because his division was too late. Expectant wife's sisters were withheld from the arms of longing bridegrooms because several of Mr. Milnes's supporters had not finished their luncheons. The judgment of the House of Commons, so often given upon the principle of abolishing Church-rates, was reversed because three or four of Sir John Trelawny's Irish supporters were bound to a Richmond dinner, and their dislike of cold soup outweighed their Nonconformist zeal. If the Liberation Society really wishes to secure a safe majority next year, it should provide a hot ordinary for lukewarm supporters somewhere in Palace Yard. Discouraged by the difficulty of adapting the hour of their divisions to the sensitive stomachs of the friends of religious freedom, Mr. Dillwyn and Sir Morton Peto have not shown any real fight this year. The Endowed Schools' Bill and the Burials Bill were both introduced at a period of the session when it was impossible, even if they had been backed by a majority, that they should have made their way through Parliament. The Burials Bill has turned out, much apparently to the astonishment of the Liberation Society, to be the most obnoxious

proposal to the clergy at large which has yet been issued from their Committee-room. So long as the clergy retain any political influence whatever, it never can pass into law. It is a far more hopeless enterprise than the abolition of Church-rates, for this reason—that the one is a measure which professes at least to abate parochial feuds, while the other is, on the face of it, constructed with the obvious view of generating them where they do not now exist.

It generally happens that in proportion as Parliament has been languid in the character of a legislature, it has displayed a preternatural activity as a debating society. The present session has not been an exception. The energy which has been shown in setting other countries right should have excited the liveliest gratitude in their minds. But few of them have returned the compliment in the spirit in which it was paid. Italy has been the constant subject of debate in the British Parliament. Her affairs have been so thoroughly sifted in that assembly, that most members must feel themselves competent to undertake the government of that peninsula at a moment's notice. But no similar interest in our affairs is manifested in the Italian Parliament. There have been no nights devoted to a discussion upon Lancashire distress. No Piedmontese Darby Griffiths, or Lombard Normanby, interrogates Ratazzi concerning Irish party processions, or calls for information from the Italian ambassador in London touching the conduct of the Irish constabulary on the occasion of recent murders. It is impossible not to see a want of reciprocity in this neglect on the part of the Italian Parliament. If they had a distress in the Milanese such as we have in Lancashire, or seditious processions at Naples like that which took place last week in Dublin, or murders in Calabria of the Tipperary type, both Houses of Parliament would have rung with eloquent speeches in admiration or depreciation of the Italian Government, and every statesman would have poured out on them a full horn of benevolent advice. It is seriously to be regretted that foreign Parliaments are too practical for this species of discussion. The only way to get rid of advice is to return it. If some patriotic Italian would devote himself, just for a single session, to denunciations of the horrors of the English Poor Law, or the English purchase-system, or any other English peculiarity, he might possibly shame our meddlesome senators into silence. For, like all busybodies, they are easily frightened. They never make any reflections upon States of whom they are afraid. The past session has produced no eloquent reflections upon the internal affairs of France, or of the Northern States of America. Even our own external relations with America have been touched with a very tender hand. A practical vein has run through our curiosity, which has deprived it even of the character of innocent, unconscious prattle. The sensitiveness of the Federals has made the House nervously unwilling to discuss the policy in deference to which Lancashire is starving. But they are never backward to devote an evening to plain-spoken criticism upon the Government of Turin or the Government of Rome. The self-restraint which members have shown during the past session, in regard to America, would be very admirable if its contrast to their garrulity upon the affairs of weaker or more patient Powers were not a little humiliating. The disposal of the gigantic interests which depend upon our treatment of this American quarrel has been left unreservedly in the hands of the Government; and their decision has been accepted almost without remonstrance. The self-control which this abstinence has evinced has not arisen from, and does not depend upon, any sympathy with the Federals. The Southern proclivities of the House have obviously deepened as the year advanced. Many things have contributed to this modification of feeling; but Lancashire distress and General Butler have been the two most prominent causes. Even those who were most carried away by the belief that the war mania of the North was the crusading ardour of the champions of Negro freedom, turn away in horror from a carnage whose only result is to subject the free cities of America to a heavier and more barbarous despotism than that under which Venice groans. Their indignation is not mitigated by the thought that their own fellow-subjects are sinking into pauperism because the Government of Washington is engaged in the sacred mission of subjugating a vast region and a populous nation to such a rule as that which has been set up in New Orleans. As yet, no escape has presented itself from the calamities that are darkening over the artisans of Lancashire, except the termination of the blockade. The supply of Indian cotton is still as theoretical as ever. High authorities have expressed a doubt whether, under any circumstances, a sufficient amount of labour is available to cultivate it in the quantity and at the price which the Manchester market requires. Many other parts of the world have been suggested. Cotton fields are abundant enough; but their multiplication has not solved the difficulty of finding hands to labour on them. In the midst of such perplexities, Parliament has sat still, idly watching the calamity develop, helpless to find a remedy, and content to hope against hope that the civil war which causes it may cease. The measure of a rate in aid, which, at the suggestion of Mr. Villiers, it has just adopted, is a mere palliative. The power of borrowing, which it has been induced by the Lancashire representatives themselves to add, can by its very nature only afford relief during a limited and brief respite. Nothing has been done to save the cotton trade from the ultimate ruin that threatens it, or to provide any permanent means of livelihood for the industrial army it has gathered together.

The session has effected little alteration in the position of public men. The old celebrities are much where they were; and no new

celebrities have arisen. Lord Palmerston has vindicated his character for adroitness on more than one trying occasion; but the impression appears to be gaining ground that the airy levity with which he parries every thrust has been somewhat over-done of late. Perhaps the habit of looking at all created things as the raw material for a joke has obtained a mastery over him in his old age which he cannot throw off; or perhaps the flippancy which pleased in easier times grates upon men's feelings from its contrast with the gloomy realities that are thickening around them. Mr. Disraeli has made in the course of the session two powerful invectives, and one powerful blunder, — both of the former worthy of his younger days. Since the "bloated armaments" speech his hold upon his party has become visibly weaker; but their absolute inability to find an adequate substitute will save him, as it has saved him before, from practically feeling the results of their discontent. Mr. Walpole's talent for retreating has been exhibited during the past session in too strong a light to qualify him for the leadership of so pugnacious a party as the present Opposition. None of the other Cabinet Ministers, or ex-Cabinet Ministers, have been conspicuous this year. Even Mr. Gladstone has courted an obscurity from which he has scarcely emerged for the purpose of defending his own policy. It was much to be wished, for the sake of the Government, that a similar discretion had prevailed among its inferior members. Mr. Lowe's caustic sneers at his own subordinates, and Mr. Layard's stock of spicy epithets, have not added to the strength of the Ministry. But their indiscretions have been trivial compared to those of Mr. Cowper and Sir Robert Peel. The former's opportunities of injury have been happily restricted. The mischief that he has done he has done with all his might. He has achieved what no other Chief Commissioner has succeeded in doing. He has made his own office as unpopular as the Metropolitan Board of Works. But whether Tweedle-dum is or is not preferable to Tweedle-dee is a matter in which a very limited number of persons will take an interest. Both may be safely trusted to produce the utmost possible ugliness at the largest possible cost. Sir Robert Peel's sessional performances are a matter of far graver moment. The insult with which he has made it his business to treat the largest body of religionists in Ireland has called forth expressions of seditious feeling the very existence of which the present generation had almost learnt to disbelieve. Outside the official circle, there are few prominent figures to notice. Mr. Horsman has delivered two important speeches, both of great power, but neither of them, perhaps, equal to some of his recent efforts. Mr. Bernal Osborne has made laborious exertions to shunt himself from the siding on which jesters and epigrammatists puff in idleness, to the main rail on which statesmen run. His efforts have not been wholly unsuccessful; but he has been too much accustomed to chaff and claptrap all his life to be able to discard them in a single session. The Radicals have received a valuable accession in the person of Mr. Forster, who combines the extravagant opinions which are necessary to please a popular constituency with the intellect which is necessary to please the House of Commons. If his logical power and Mr. Stansfeld's beautiful diction could be welded into one, a very dangerous demagogue might be the result. But decidedly the most prominent part among the independent Liberals has been taken by Mr. Cobden. He has occupied with unflinching assiduity the post which Mr. Bright, utterly disheartened by the martial ardour of his friends, the Federals, has at last abandoned in despair. His sharp encounters with Lord Palmerston have, hitherto, had no other effect than to convert the country gentlemen into ardent Ministerialists for the time. But he is a far cleverer tactician than Mr. Bright; and therefore his evident animosity is likely to be of more importance. If Lord Palmerston should by any chance leave any weak point uncovered, he will meet with little mercy from his former ambassador.

On the whole, the session will have impressed as faint a mark on the page of history as it is possible for six months to make. It leaves, much as it found them, the law of the land, and the Government of the day, and the foreign policy of the country, and the reputation of public men. The political changes which seemed imminent last year are scarcely nearer than they were then. The opposing political hosts, after many marches and countermarches, occupy the same ground, present nearly the same relative numbers, and are guided by the same leaders. They no longer fill the same space as formerly in the eyes of men. Their activity has become so purposeless in its aim, so scanty in its results, that they have yielded the first place in public attention to foreign wars or domestic exhibitions. Few people care much now about their manoeuvres or their triumphs; they have even become listless about the matter themselves. The Government, never strong, has become, on the whole, weaker than it was when the year began; but no section in the House of Commons, save Mr. Cobden's scanty body-guard, is really anxious for a change.

SUBURBAN COMEDY

THERE is hardly any portion of the English literature of recent days more curious than that kind of comedy or pleasantry which turns on the manners and adventures of the peculiar style of persons who either live, or are fabled to live, in some of the suburbs of London. It would not be strange if the manners of any set of people were really described and laughed at by a satirical outsider, or if they were made the topic of kindly com-

ment by a friend. Pentonville and Clapham have in all probability drolleries of their own, and the pen of a minute observer may find matter there as well as anywhere else. But, by an odd chance, the manners of the suburbs have come to be treated as a conventional ground, neither good nor bad, but wholly jocose, on which manufacturers of pleasantry tread as on their native heath. The romance writer who tells of the vanities and follies and happiness of his young friends at Highbury or Peckham does not exactly mean to associate himself with them, for he considers that he is condescending when he notices them; but neither does he treat them as if he were at all too fine to sympathize with them. He assumes that they are, as it were, *ex officio* funny, and he claims that his readers shall recognise them at once in this their official character. Every nation has its standing people, and things, and expressions which, for the hour, are admitted to have a claim to be considered amusing. If, for example, any one takes up *Charivari*, he will find, time after time, that the French are expected to take perennial delight in pictures of old men in their nightcaps insulted or cajoled by the most uninviting of slipshod nymphs. In the same way, anything at all in the style of *Boz's Sketches* is known to be droll and clever in England. This, of course, arose in the first instance from the success of Mr. Dickens's earliest work. Nothing in literature is quite new, and something like these Sketches had been before attempted in annuals; but, practically, they were so original and fresh and smart that they carried away all the young writers of the day, and picnics at Margate, and musical parties at Islington, and the funny gentlemen at boarding-houses became the rage. But that this depended on something else than the influence of Mr. Dickens, is evident from the fact that the imitators of suburban comedy did not try to rise with their master. Mr. Dickens soon got beyond his *Sketches*. He tried to draw a much wider variety of character, and to weave his notes of life into some sort of serious story. But, although he advanced, suburban comedy kept its ground, and keeps it to this day. Mr. Albert Smith, in his *Adventures of Mr. Ledbury*, painted the suburbs in all their glory, and a constant succession of writers has followed in the same track. No one can doubt that many of them have been clever in their way, but still it would have been impossible to guess beforehand that their style would be accepted as the comic style of our generation, and the comedy of the suburbs as that comedy which alone is admitted to be comedy by an inherent right.

If any reader wishes to know what suburban comedy means, let him turn to the opening pages of a new volume, just published by Mr. Sala, under the title of *Accepted Addresses*. Mr. Sala can write in other styles than that of suburban comedy, but he is well aware that this is the easiest of all ways of pleasing the public, and he allows himself to resort to it occasionally. This volume consists of a series of papers, and the first is entitled, "Narrative of an Extraordinary Passage in the life of Mr. John Tidysheoes, of London." It is an autobiography; and the supposed writer begins by informing us that his "name is John Tidysheoes, and that his father's name was John before him." At an early period he became engaged to a Miss Laura Gimp. "Mrs. Gimp was by birth a Pugg, and was insufferably proud in consequence." When he popped the question, Laura began to cry, and then there was a scene. "I remember going down on my knees to somebody, and being lectured for half-an-hour by Mrs. Gimp about those confounded Puggs. Old Gimp clapped me on the back; my mother wept on my shoulder." They were married on Christmas-day, and the bridegroom let the ring drop. After the ceremony, they started to spend the honeymoon at Dumbledowndeary, which lies on the banks of the Thames, half-way between London and Gravesend. They were accompanied to the railway station by one of the bridesmaids, Miss Macwhackit, who "was a trifle under six feet high, wore spectacles, and had a nose of the exact colour of well-boiled beetroot." At last they arrived at an hotel at Dumbledowndeary called "The Yacht," where the husband tried to kiss the wife, on which she exclaimed, "Oh, you're so rough. You're not like the Troubadours. Oh dear, oh dear, why isn't he like the Troubadours?" She then went into hysterics, and he began breaking the furniture, and this brought up the landlady, who first told him to go out of the house, and then threw doubts on the reality of their marriage. "You've eloped with her, you 'ave, you Gog and Magog dewourin' fiend, you." The husband, to prove his respectability, put his hand into his pocket to pull out his purse, but found he had been robbed of it; on which the landlady began to scream, "Help! help! Murder! Thieves! Fire!" He folded his arms, and "made a rush at the door like a bull." This violence half knocked some one down, who turned out to be his mother come to see how they were getting on upon the evening of their wedding day; and she and his father satisfied the landlady as to the marriage and the broken china; and then they all went back to the station, the young couple having made up their minds to leave Dumbledowndeary alone, and spend the remainder of their honeymoon in Milk Street, Cheapside, London.

We have set out with some particularity the main points of this story, because they happen to illustrate almost all the great features of suburban comedy. Mr. Sala knows what he is about, and his suburban comedy may be safely taken as typical. In the first place, it is to be noticed the general cast of the story. It is, taken in itself, absolutely no story at all. There is nothing in it apart from the way in which it is told. So, too, the people are in the last stage of humble vulgarity, but they are redeemed by the halo of recognised comedy that is thrown over them. This comedy

consists first in the mixture of possibility and impossibility that runs through the description. No one can say that Mr. and Mrs. Tidyshees might not go without money to a seaside place near Gravesend, and have a quarrel with the landlady of a small inn; but this is mixed up with the accumulated improbabilities of the husband dropping the ring, his smashing the furniture in order to wake his wife out of hysterics, her being so shy that she fainted because he wished to kiss her, and the arrival of his mother on the evening of his wedding day. Something also depends on the characters of the story, and especially upon the young people exhibiting a silliness that may be termed idiotic. The husband is perpetually fooled and tricked, and yet the author tries to make us sympathize with him a little, and take the gentleman's side in all the adventures. The great art of suburban comedy is to survey the world from a little pinnacle of vulgar intimacy. But success also greatly depends on the proper employment of subordinate means. In the first place, the dialogue must be in the last extravagance of exaggeration. A wife who thinks her husband not quite delicate must exclaim, "Oh, dear! why is he not like a troubadour?" A landlady who supposes he has eloped must say, "You 'ave elipsed you Gog and Magog dewourin' fiend." Another resource is, however, still more important. It consists in noticing one or two prominent peculiar features in the physical appearance of a person, grossly exaggerating them, and inventing an imaginary character to whom they may be assigned. Thus the bridesmaid is merely introduced in order that she may offer the well-known comic points of a nose like beet-root, and a figure nearly six feet high. But the secret of secrets is to have funny suggestive names for every person and place. The neat young hero is "Mr. Tidyshees;" the mother-in-law is very proud of her descent from the Puggs; the bridesmaid is Miss Macwhackit, because she keeps "a great gaol of a school;" the poor seaside watering-place is "Dumbledown-deary." This is an essential part of suburban comedy, and is the great sign that it is what it is. When we come to the funny names we know that the whole thing is funny, and amusement is a matter of course.

We do not pretend to think very highly of this sort of comedy, nor probably does Mr. Sala. But we quite own that it is in possession of the field. It claims to be comic, and its claim is admitted. It would be very unjust if we spoke of Mr. Sala as standing alone in this walk of art. He only does what his neighbours do. Nor is the peculiar kind of writing which suburban comedy claims as its own at all necessarily confined to the representation of one rank of life. It began with being connected with one rank of people, for it happened that its first great authors were either more conversant with the humours of Margate and Islington than of Mayfair, or were more drawn towards them. But when once a style of fun so easy, so simple, so suited to the vulgar taste became popular, it was sure to be more generally applied. It is quite as easy to write suburban comedy when an upper crust of society is described. Mr. Tidyshees can be turned into a captain in the army, and Miss Laura can be easily made to live in Bryanstone Square. The fun is so lightly worked. Nothing more has to be done than to take any common occurrence of life of a character not too serious. A dance, a picnic, a tour on the Continent, will all do equally well. The writer can turn his little flood of suburban comedy on any one of these, and the thing is done. He has only to call one of the people at his picnic Sir Hector Dearmuff, and another Miss Jemima Hookhim, to be very funny about the want of salt, to show a gentlemanly and witty aptitude for being bored, to describe minutely how persons who think they kiss unobserved are detected by jocular and ubiquitous observers, and to throw in a little slang or cockney dialogue, and then the effect is sure to be produced. The beauty of suburban comedy is that it never fails. It is almost entirely factitious, for the great bulk of people in every class of life behave according to the manners of their class, without any of these oddities, and absurd mishaps, and ludicrous talking. It only requires the coarsest and most superficial observation; for nothing can be easier than to take a few obvious physical peculiarities, and exaggerate them. It is extremely vulgar, for its whole aim is to look at everything with an eye to finding vulgarity in it, and it feeds exclusively on the little foibles of people without education or refinement. But then its fun, when it is made, is official, inherent, and indisputable. A description of so comic a scene as a picnic where Sir Hector Dearmuff flirts with and kisses Miss Jemima Hookhim, has the same prescriptive right to be thought clever and amusing that a sermon of the Archbishop of Canterbury has to be thought solemn and impressive.

Still, however, it might seem strange that suburban comedy should have so wide an empire as it has, and should make its appearance in places where it would be little expected. It is in itself so small an affair, it rises to so very low a point in art, it is so offensive to persons of good taste, it seems especially so poor and paltry to women of refinement and feeling, that we should have supposed it would have been rigidly excluded wherever pretensions were high. But it is found amusing by an indefinite number of people, and some concession is made to these people, whoever they may be. It must be remembered that the amusement is often, to a certain extent, genuine, and the cleverness displayed is tolerably obvious. The taste for sketches of the society in which they live is common to most people, and many like to have them put in a very coarse and intelligible way, and relish an appeal to the vulgarity innate in a large proportion of persons in every rank. Very often, too, the writer has powers of his own. He may have a shrewdness of observation, and

an aptitude for verbal fun, and something of a dashing jocularity. He pleases, perhaps, or at least distracts for a moment those who despise him, and he has probably enjoyed the observations on which his sketches are founded. After all, there is not much, except an absence of good taste and self-respect, that separates his writings from the compositions of those who treat their subjects differently. He has, very likely, as much or as little to say; and it is merely that a love of conventional pleasantry whispers to him that Pentonville fun is sure to succeed. The less he writes, the better for him, and the less he is read the better for the public; but there is no sign that the world is getting wiser, and, folly for folly, his is a fairly harmless one. The most we can hope for is that his productions may be gradually condemned to as unambitious a sphere as possible. It is a nuisance to have his absurd little pebble thrust upon us when we think we have a right to ask for the bread of sound criticism, decent language, and the nicer kinds of wit and humour.

AMERICA PAST AND PRESENT.

EVERYTHING American changes with such speed that accounts of things seventy or eighty years ago seem almost as far removed as an account of England in the middle ages. We say England, because the remark would not apply to most Continental countries. Wherever the storm of the great French Revolution passed, a change as great and more sudden has taken place than that which has been made by the gradual, though swift development of things in America. But if we take any number of years before the French Revolution or since the fall of the first Bonaparte, we shall see that no European country has, during either period, changed in the same degree. In the period of nearly eighty years between the War of Independence and the War of Secession, the United States were the scene of none of what history commonly calls great events. There have been no great conquests, no great defeats, no great revolutions. Probably it has never happened that so large a country has gone through so many years with so few events of this sort to mark them. The Federal Constitution was drawn up, discussed, and gradually adopted by the several States, amidst immense political excitement, but with nothing that can be called political commotion. One or two local insurrections, and even such events as the South Carolina Nullification and the civil war in Kansas, do not look very large in a general view of the history of a great continent. The foreign wars have been but small wars. Neither the Mexican war nor even Madison's war with England ranks among the great struggles of history—neither of them supplies Sir Edward Creasy with any of his Decisive Battles of the World. In short, the amount of bloodshed and revolution which might have been spread over a whole century has been crammed together into a single civil war which hardly can be one of many years. The war thus seems specially horrible to actual bystanders, who think only of what they themselves see. In a general view of the destiny of the world, it may be better for a nation thus to take out its share of horrors all at once, and to leave longer intervals of peace and prosperity.

The degree of change in America is clearly shown by one simple fact, which an attempt to follow the course of the present war often brings before us. To understand American matters you are always wanting new maps. In England this is not so. Unless we want to look at the railways, an old map, if equally accurate, is as good as a new one. For England Proper, a map of the time of William the Conqueror (if we had one) would do fairly well; a map of the time of Henry VIII. would do perfectly. Wales has been first added, and then divided into counties; but the divisions of England itself have hardly changed at all. Many towns have exchanged their relative degrees of importance, but in England itself (exclusive of Wales), very few have actually come into existence. Even in the mining and manufacturing districts, the chief centres at least have always been parishes with names, however obscure, and with inhabitants, however few, since the days of the first English settlements. Thus, every one who teaches geography historically knows that the mediæval history of England can be perfectly well followed on the modern map. But the modern map of France or Germany is useless for old times, and the old map is useless for modern times; because, to go no further back, the French Revolution has changed all the divisions. For other causes the old maps and the new maps of America are useful only for their own dates. New States are always being added; new towns are always springing up; even in the older parts of the Union, places are always changing their names; States are always changing their capitals, or being mapped out afresh into new counties. We have tried in vain to trace the campaigns of Washington in an atlas which serves for all modern European purposes, and equally in vain to trace the present war in an American atlas thirty or forty years old. It is not merely that names of places hitherto unheard of are suddenly in everybody's mouth—this happens in every war. Cannes, Agincourt, Waterloo, and Bull-Run alike awoke one morning and found themselves famous. In America the artificial, like the natural face of the country, is constantly changing in a way which does not happen in older countries, except as the result of some great war or revolution.

This peculiar sort of change, at once gradual and speedy, advancing only step by step, but still by steps which follow very fast upon one another, has probably had a good deal to do with the sort of mythical character which already attaches to things and persons

which are really very recent. The leaders of the Revolution, Washington above all, have become a sort of patron heroes. No great gulf separates the modern American from them, such as that which separates a Frenchman from everything older than 1789. On the other hand, they are felt to be practically farther off than contemporary great men in England are from a modern Englishman. Yet their positive nearness prevents their passing out of memory, like the mediæval worthies who have done like services for ourselves. In fact, they unite the advantages of nearness with the advantages of distance. They are at once revered like heroes of the past, and clearly remembered like men of the present. The whole generation is canonized, even in its most opposite doings. Two documents so unlike in their tone as the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution both become parts of the same political scriptures. Both are looked on with a sort of feeling uniting the Englishman's vague reverence for the Great Charter with his practical esteem for the Reform Bill or the Act which repealed the Corn Laws. It is a sign at once of a young nation and of a nation which lives fast when its heroic age is so very modern.

And the age of Washington and his contemporaries has a fair claim to be looked on as a heroic age in the eyes of an American. The proportion of able men whom the Revolution turned up was singularly large, and the ability of many of them was of a singularly useful and practical kind. It is a perfectly fair complaint that American statesmen have degenerated, but it would not be fair to expect them to keep up to the level of the great generation. To ask this would be to ask that the standard of American statesmanship should be considerably higher than the average European standard. This it would be manifestly unfair to expect. But it is quite fair to expect that it should keep up to the level of average European statesmanship, while, for fully a generation past, it has conspicuously fallen below it. Times of convulsion generally throw up able men in unusual abundance, and it is a sign of something wrong that the present convulsion has thrown up so few. The American Revolution threw up abundance of able men, just as the French Revolution did, but it was distinguished from the French Revolution by the nature of much of the ability which it threw up. Jefferson may be paralleled in many times and places—Washington has no parallel anywhere. He was one of the greatest of men, although absolutely without genius. Unswerving integrity and strong common sense, an utter absence both of party spirit and of personal ambition, carried him through the purest career in history. He gained, and with perfect justice, the fame of a great general, without a single remarkable exploit. In his Presidency he won higher glory still—that of resisting the wishes of the people whom he had delivered. He kept America out of a war with England by the practical wisdom of perfect straightforwardness and firm adhesion to the right path. A man of greater genius would have been more likely to go astray. Almost any man but Washington would either have yielded or have incurred overwhelming obloquy by not yielding. Perhaps no ruler ever showed a truer moral courage than Washington did when he sent Jay on his unpopular mission to England. His coadjutor, Hamilton, was clearly, as far as genius went, a far abler man than himself, but he often needed Washington's guardian wisdom to direct his practical course. Adams, Washington's successor, followed his policy, but not altogether with the same success. He became the President of a party—of a wise and patriotic party undoubtedly, but still of a party—while Washington had kept himself in a region altogether above party. But all these three, and several others of the same politics, were statesmen of whom any nation might be proud. And they met with rivals worthy of them in point of ability, though following a policy which we naturally less approve, in Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. Madison, to be sure, one is half inclined to curse as a renegade. One of the authors of the *Federalist* ought never to have gone over to the side of Jefferson. The *Federalist* party were as little as possible men of theories—they walked by the lights of common sense and experience. In revolting against British dominion they did not wholly throw off the feelings of Englishmen. Their object clearly was to follow English institutions as nearly as the circumstances of the country allowed. The actual Constitution was a compromise. As it was, it gave grievous offence to the ultra-democratic party; but had Hamilton had his own way, it would have given infinitely greater. It is most curious to turn from the original provisions of the Constitution to the string of wordy and meaningless amendments at the end. These, of course, came from the Democratic side; but the *Federalists*, with great practical wisdom, assented to them, lest their rejection should lead to the rejection of the whole scheme, or to changes of substantial importance.

That these men have no successors—that either there are no such men left, or that, if there are, they never attain to political power—recent American history too clearly proves. Even then, they were too good for the mass of their countrymen. Washington alone commanded the reverence of the whole nation, or of all but a worthless and contemptible faction. The old *Federalist* party gradually died out, but not without doing its work. Their attachment to the principles of the Constitution, which was mainly their work, was succeeded by a sort of superstitious reverence for its letter on the part of the nation at large; but even this superstition has proved a wholesome conservative element, and has helped to stave off civil war for many years. The swiftness of change of which we have spoken has supplied the want of antiquity. Even the blind cry of the "Union," now that the restoration of the

Union would have effects exactly opposite to those for which it was founded, is an honest one at bottom, and is the echo of times when the Union was strength indeed. Then there was nothing like what we now see—two Confederations, perhaps some day three, each of them of the size of great empires. Thirteen independent commonwealths, all young and weak, were hemmed in by the territories of three great European Powers, not one of which was really friendly. The Union alone preserved them either from foreign conquest or from endless internal wars. It is wholly unfair to contrast the weakness of the Federal tie with the more perfect Union to which we are accustomed. We ought rather to dwell upon its strength, as compared with the utter anarchy and confusion which was its real alternative.

It is worth reflecting whether many of the evils which have shown themselves in the United States are not inseparable from any colonies whatsoever. Indeed, the American colonies had many advantages. Their utter neglect by the mother-country was the greatest of all, and formed the best apprenticeship for independence. The aristocratic element in some of the colonies, and the religious element in others, had each of them its bad side, but each of them was on the whole a decided element for good. The gentlemen of Virginia, and the stout Puritans of Massachusetts, were, each in their several ways, very much better stuff for a people than colonies generally get. Yet they have not escaped the general law which seems to doom colonies to degenerate. And of course, from the prominent part which they have played in the world, their degeneracy has been much more loudly proclaimed than that of any other colonists. They alone, of the many offshoots of England, have been called on to play a part in international affairs. And since the first great generation passed away, it can hardly be said to have been a great part. The other colonies, by remaining dependencies, have escaped this responsibility. But, if we look at their internal condition, we shall see some of the bad points of American life in even an exaggerated form. Socially, they have wanted the influence for good which America has drawn from both its Cavalier and its Puritan elements. Politically, they would seem to be suffering from too close a reproduction of English institutions. There does seem to be something very absurd in the whole system of Governments, Parliaments, Ministerial Crises, Resignations, Votes of Confidence, transferred to a purely provincial community. Our complicated ministerial system suits us, because it has grown up naturally on our own soil. But surely it is not a system which can be transplanted everywhere ready made, and it is a system meant for a kingdom and not for a province. In fact, the avowedly republican system is the less anarchical of the two. The Governor of an American State, elected for a year or two certain, has a less precarious tenure of office, and has more opportunity for the display of statesmanlike qualities, than an Australian Premier, who will very likely be driven to resign after two or three months. One great danger of colonization in an advanced and highly civilized age is this indiscriminate imitation of institutions adapted for another state of society. In an earlier state of things, colonists carry with them only a few vague general principles, and the details of all institutions grow up in the new country. Our own forefathers colonized Britain while still quite uncivilized. Hence, though certain general ideas are common to us with other Teutonic nations, every particular institution is the true native growth of England. A colony coming from a country whose institutions are already fully developed will be tempted to fall either into a blind imitation or into a theoretic contempt of experience. The original American colonies fared better than most, because they were founded at a time when there was little temptation to this blind sort of copying. Refugees were not likely to reproduce the particular institutions under which they had suffered at home. In the Australian colonies, on the other hand, there has been every temptation to copy. One must make great allowances for the charm of being called a Prime Minister, and putting together a Smith or Jones Cabinet; but we are not sure that it is a healthy state of things.

Our present colonies, with their full internal liberty, are never likely to revolt from mere love of independence. The connexion with England is so profitable that it is not likely to be thrown up till the colony has grown to such a pitch as to make dependence manifestly absurd and hurtful. That day, however, must come, sooner or later; and it is worth considering whether the system of miniature Parliaments and Premiers is really so good a preparation for it as the more unpretending constitutions of the old American provinces.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES IN DUBLIN.

IT has often been cynically remarked that our Anglican colonial and missionary Bishops might be called *episcopi in partibus fidelium*. They are said to be usually found elsewhere than in their dioceses; and the Exhibition, it has been noticed, has recently brought us as many of the Colonial Bench as might man a Council. Whether the hierarchy of Rome have given up pilgrimages to the threshold of the apostles for every occasion less interesting than the opportunity of at once encouraging martyrs and anathematizing the King of Italy in a combined stroke of political and ecclesiastical business, we are not aware. But, as far as the public is concerned, it is only some very great occasion which honours us with the presence of Bishops from another hemisphere. And it so happens that there can be no jealousy in the rival Churches as to the honour of possessing Bishops of the most pronounced and vagrant patriotism. Archbishop Hughes, on the part of the Holy

Roman Church, Catholic and Apostolic, has left his sheep in New York for a semi-diplomatic and non-official mission to France; and Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, has paid us a long visit to England, representing the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the interests of the Northern States. The Archbishop and Bishop have received the testimonial of Mr. Thurlow Weed for the value of their good offices to the Federal cause in Paris and London.

The selection of these prelates was judicious enough. Archbishop Hughes is an Irishman *Romanis Romanior, Hibernicis Hibernior*, and was accordingly accredited to the fiery and impulsive Frenchman. Bishop McIlvaine had long been a favourite with the Exeter Hall form of English religion, and enjoyed the sort of reputation which a Bishop of a pronounced tint of Puritanism is likely to acquire. It was not his first visit among us, and what he did for the Federal cause we can take Mr. Thurlow Weed's word for. He preached some charity sermons, let off a patriotic speech on some public occasion, and was heard of at the heavy dinners of evangelical bankers. Whether either bishop frequented the cabinets of Ministers is best known to themselves; and what they got out of M. Thouvenot or Lord Russell may be revealed to the world whenever a second blue book shall appear, like that which Lord Lyons contrived to edit when he enclosed Mr. Seward's correspondence with the Federal Ministers to our own Foreign Office. We live in hopes of seeing the correspondence of the brother bishops with the Secretary at Washington; but till that day arrives, we are at a loss to know what diplomatic talents bishops in these times possess. At any rate, it would be a profitable study to see how far the right reverend fathers, who certainly agree in nothing else, contrived, if they did contrive, to pull together in promoting a common secular mission. A scoffer might be tempted to say that, even in episcopal hearts, party is a stronger motive than religion; and, though Christianity is not powerful enough to bring Bishops Hughes and McIlvaine to agree in anything else, yet political motives produce a unity of action which their especial calling fails to compel.

A question of some moment arises, how far these gentlemen—the Most Reverend and Right Reverend Fathers, His Grace and the Lord Bishop—were or were not about their proper work in these diplomatic missions. The Southerners, in whose army Bishop Polk bears a commission as Major-General, and many of whose Bishops are active in the Confederate cause, of course can throw no stones against Drs. Hughes and McIlvaine as political prelates. The question is a large and general one, and may be discussed without any especial and personal application. Though one is almost tempted to say, that the Puritan organ which recently, in the case of Bishop Macdougall, preached so edifying a homily on the text, "A bishop must be no striker," might, in the case of Bishop McIlvaine, have remembered that "My kingdom is not of this world" seems at first sight to be equally conclusive against any diplomatic mission. Among ourselves, the last instance of an ecclesiastical diplomat occurred at the negotiation of the treaty of Utrecht, which was chiefly managed by Robinson, Bishop of London. Bishop Talleyrand certainly takes his place in the very first rank of diplomatic intrigue; but it is almost forgotten that he ever received the highest orders in the Church. Possibly the same sort of vindication for political bishops might be urged as that which is offered for clerical magistrates. Where educated men are scarce, and in certain forms of a low social development, it may be much better that clergymen should undertake civil offices than that they should fall into less capable hands; and religion itself may suffer no harm when its ministers are the official representatives, or even administrators, of order, law, civilization, and public polity. There are things which can only be done by the best instruments; and where the clergy are the best, the clergy had better do them. Political work in England is well enough managed without Archbishop Sumner's guidance; but this forms no argument against the public life of Stephen Langton, or Chicheley. And, judging from what we know of the usual political agents of the Cabinet of Washington, and of Mr. Seward's agents at the various courts of Europe, we are not ready to say that the Archbishop of New York and the Bishop of Ohio were necessarily out of their place in their diplomatic visit to European Courts. It is not to be expected that ecclesiastics can stand apart from the political fortunes of their country. Their influence and their interests are too strongly mixed up in current politics; and as, in the case of Italy, the Sicilian clergy and the Passaglianists have done good service to the liberal cause, we are not disposed to fall into the common cant of depreciating the uses of clerical influence in a great national crisis. In America something of an earlier stage of society reappears. Bishops Meade and Polk are territorial squires, and men of private fortune. The South undertakes what is, in fact, a levy, *en masse*, of the whole population; the Bishops and clergy take their place in and with the country; and the same sort of causes which bring them into the field might have influenced the warlike Bishops of Bayeux or Durham in medieval times, a Compton or a Walker in recent history, or even a Macdougall in the presence of Borneo pirates.

Archbishop Hughes, however, has not confined his political duties to the distinct mission on behalf of the Federal cause on which he was sent to Paris. He is taking Ireland in his way home, and he has just been the hero of a deputation at Dublin. At present we are rather in the dark both as to the address which was presented to him and the reply which he delivered—only the heads of the address being published, while the reply, not being written, is promised for next week. Perhaps when it is mentioned

that the address emanated from the Nationalists of Ireland, and that "The O'Donoghue" is the "Leader of the Nationalists of Ireland," it will be felt that our loss in this interesting document is not great. The topics were neither many nor remarkable. His Grace's "genius and virtues," his care "of the poor Irish exiles," his generous, Christian, and truly evangelical conduct in reference to the remains of the dead patriot, Terence M'Manus," and finally, "the affection of the Irish nation for the great Republic of which His Grace was a foremost citizen," was all that the Nationalists had to say. Archbishop Hughes, though he was not ready with a written reply, was ready with a speech which contains at least one point worth pausing upon.

Archbishop Hughes assures The O'Donoghue and the Nationalists that there is a good time coming for somebody; but he is not very clear for whom it is coming, where it is coming from, or what is to come. "There are events," he says in language of apocalyptic significance, "occurring calculated to bring the wrongs, the miseries, the sufferings of the Irish people under consideration elsewhere. But if the time comes it will not be to redress your wrongs merely; it will originate in an effort to settle other and more general grievances; though then, no doubt, Ireland may have her opportunity." This may refer to the Millennium, or to an American Crusade against all the thrones of the earth. But in a previous part of his speech, the Archbishop, on the authority of St. Thomas Aquinas—who by the way says nothing of the sort—had laid down that rebellion was only justifiable when the tyranny was grievous, the cause just, and the probability of success all but certain. Hence, we are led to believe that this dark saying of the Archbishop, when interpreted, means that, some day or other, the great Republic of which he is a foremost citizen means to pay off its scores with England, and "then, no doubt, Ireland may have her opportunity," as she has already got the schoolman's conditions of a lawful rebellion, tyranny on the one side, and a just cause on the other. One word with Archbishop Hughes. He is not certainly a publicly accredited envoy from the Court of Washington, but he is a Federal agent. Was this the sort of language he was commissioned to hold at Paris? Having done a little business with the patriot M'Manus, had he also a secret mission to General M'Mahon? Did he go to France charged with the combined interests of Federalists at New York and Nationalists in Young Ireland? And, if so, how far did Bishop McIlvaine share in his sentiments and participate in his policy? It will hardly recommend Federal agency in England to find out that when two persons, alien bishops, are sent on a common mission, one of them finds it not inconvenient to stir up rebellion in Ireland, and to hint Federal co-operation with that rebellion. Put it the other way. Messrs. Mason and Slidell are at the present moment, one in London, and one in Paris, on precisely the same errand, only on the opposite side, as that undertaken by Drs. Hughes and McIlvaine. It would hardly recommend Mr. Slidell at the Tuileries if Mr. Mason employed himself with making speeches in London hinting that the time might come when Charleston might originate an effort to settle general grievances, and then French Guiana, or Algiers, or the House of Bourbon, might have their opportunity.

And as Archbishop Hughes is a theologian as well as publicist, we might just hint that it might be more prudent to keep his functions distinct. As it is, he may be an indifferent good diplomatist in a Minister's cabinet, and an indifferent good theologian in his own study. But when he comes to lay down the theological qualifications of rebellion, and to combine the doctor with the politician, he rather damages his diplomatic skill. Tyranny, a good cause, and a probability of success—these three justify rebellion. Why, these are the very things which the Confederates plead as the justification of their separation. The Archbishop comes to Europe denouncing rebellion. At Paris he tries to engage the Emperor against the rebels. Rebellion is at Paris as the sin of witchcraft—at Dublin it is, according to the highest theology, justifiable. The rebellion of Charleston against New York is a crime against humanity—the rebellion of Ireland against England may, under certain considerations laid down by the Angelic Doctor, be highly meritorious. "If you undertake a revolution, and have not measured your strength, you commit a crime." That is to say, rebellion is only rebellion when it is likely to fail. Just so; and so say the Confederates. First, as to tyranny. The North by its commercial regulations compels us, they may truly say, to buy all the necessities of life at extravagant prices. Next as to a just cause. Climate, race, interests, State rights, and the universal feeling of every man, woman, and child in the country, all call for a separation. Lastly, probability of success. Bull Run, Pittsburg Landing, the campaign in Virginia, Beauregard, Sidney Johnston, Jackson, are our answer. President Davis owes thanks to Archbishop Hughes for commending the Southern cause, and on the authority of the greatest of theologians, S. Thomas Aquinas himself.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF TURKEY.

THE finances of the Turkish Empire were declared a few weeks ago to be in a condition to provoke the envy of the most solvent Continental Powers. The official quarter from which this piece of information proceeded was not free from the suspicion of partisanship; but then substantial facts, not easy to invalidate, were produced in support of it. Nevertheless, most Englishmen were a good deal startled by the intelligence. They would have been a good deal more startled, however, had they heard from the same quarter that the political state of Turkey was such as to

provoke the envy of the best consolidated Continental Power. Lord Palmerston, that staunch friend of Turkey, does indeed put a bright face upon the matter. He talks as if he were sanguine about all that is to be done by vigorous administrative reforms, and by that excellent disposition of the new Sultan from which such prodigious consequences are expected; and he really seems to hope that, by these or some other means, Turkey may not only continue to exist, but even by and by become of some weight in Europe. At present, however, he would scarcely deny that the chance which Russia has of retaining Poland, and the chance which Austria has of retaining Venetia, are considerably greater than that of the continued union of the provinces which constitute the Ottoman Empire in Europe. Turkey has no heavy debt; the expense of maintaining such an army as she possesses is small when compared with the military expenditure of other European Powers; and her rich soil enables her to extract considerable revenues even from an indolent people. But the most complete freedom from financial embarrassment will not create the sentiment of a common nationality or a common interest. Without one or the other of these, no empire can now count on permanence. The provinces of Turkey, unfortunately, are sensible of neither.

It may be granted, however, that Turkey now enjoys something like security from purely external dangers. It may be thought that this security is only temporary, and is sure to end with the temporary weakness of Russia and Austria. But we incline to think that it is the result of lasting changes, and that it will be permanent. A single Power is no longer likely to attempt, or, if it attempts, to achieve schemes of conquest; nor is even a coalition of Powers for the partition of another Poland a probable contingency. There must be, at least, a very great appearance of consent on the part of the people to be annexed. The annexation of Savoy was not creditable to any of the parties concerned in it; but no unprejudiced person would think of putting it in the same category with the annexations of Alsace, of Silesia, and of Galicia. The feelings and the wishes of European populations in these days count for a good deal. The political morality of Europe would not tolerate the crimes of a Catherine and a Napoleon I.; and Europe is now organized in such a way as to exercise a really efficient control over its most distant members. Whatever crime may be contemplated, there is a reasonable certainty that the unprejudiced governments will be sufficiently strong to give effect to the popular notion of justice. We can imagine two Emperors contemplating an arrangement of the Tilsit type, as a delightful vision to be realised in the distant future, but we cannot imagine them advising their generals to march to accomplish it. If there is civil war in Turkey, it is highly probable that Prussia, or Austria, or France may be eager to recognise, or even to assist, the population struggling for what it considers freedom; but from the mere ambition of her more powerful neighbours, Turkey has nothing to fear. The day of Oczakoff will not return. If the Ottoman Government can gain the confidence and goodwill of the populations it professes to rule, there is no reason why it should not realise the most brilliant future that even Lord Palmerston has anticipated for it.

But, unhappily, nothing can be more difficult than such a reconciliation. The very causes that have created a sort of moral barrier for the protection of states like Turkey against external foes have also increased tenfold the force of the internal dangers that menace their existence. What is called the sentiment of nationality might indeed protect the Turkish Empire against the aggression of France or of Russia, but then it has given distinctness and intensity to the elements that interfere with its essential unity. The same tendency that would make the civilized world recoil from abetting or even permitting the conquest of Germans by Celts, or Slaves by Germans, makes the Slavic subjects of Turkey more conscious than ever that they are Slaves. Every circumstance in the history of the Turkish occupation has tended to perpetuate the original distinctions of race and creed. The politic vigour of the kings of France gave harmony and unity to the discordant races they governed, at a time when the sentiment of nationality was not yet a power in the world, but the Ottoman Porte let that time pass by unused. From the time of Mahomet II. it has concerned itself only to recruit the dominant horde out of the vanquished peoples, and to treat the remnant as spoil to be divided among its members. The small Tartar horde—at no time exceeding two millions—which overthrew the Empire of the Caesars had indeed no difficulty in recruiting its battalions and its church, either by force or by persuasion, for it promised the believing warriors eternal happiness of an intelligible kind, and ensured them an abundance of temporal plunder. Thousands of Greeks and Slaves have in every generation gladly accepted the creed and the prerogatives of Believers. But the majority of both races continued in the mountains the unconquerable assailants, and in the plains the oppressed serfs, of the sovereign tribe, nursing throughout centuries the desire of revenge, and cherishing everything that reminded them that they were a distinct people from their oppressors, whom they hated all the more because their ranks were recruited by renegades or captives from among themselves.

The Slavic, the Greek, and the Rouman are the three chief races that occupy the soil of the Turkish Empire, and unwillingly acknowledge different degrees of dependence on the Turks. The Christian Slaves are perhaps four and a half millions in number, the Roumans four millions, and the Greeks, including the Albanians, one and a half million. The Slavic by descent do, in fact, exceed the number we have mentioned; but many Slaves, especially in Bosnia, have adopted the religion of their conquerors, and are not

the least bitter foes of the Slavic name. The three Christian races agree in the detestation with which they regard the Turks, but they do not yet show any signs of union among themselves. The Rouman population of the Principalities has for many centuries enjoyed a modified independence, recognising the suzerainty of the Porte, and paying a tribute. They belong to a race too insignificant to have much weight in Europe, and their position renders them unwilling to assail the Turkish Empire. It is quite possible that Russia might take part in such a struggle; and they know by bitter experience that their country is the battle-field in every war in which Russia and Turkey are the combatants. Political wisdom led them to insist on the union of their two States; and a reasonable self-respect makes them wear unwillingly every badge of dependence on a Power from which they have derived no advantage. They await their opportunity, and will use it when it arrives. But they will not initiate a revolt, or invite an invasion in their behalf. The Greeks, again, are too few and too scattered for independent action.

The Slaves are the most formidable enemy of the Ottoman Empire. This portion of its population is not so numerous as the dominant tribe, nor even as the Roumans, but they have a powerful connexion, considerable organization, and a lofty ambition. They regard themselves as the race of the future. They recognise their brethren in the Russians, and in a large minority of the subjects of Austria. They have a Piedmont in Servia, which achieved a qualified independence sixty years ago, and which is now governed by a vigorous and ambitious prince, and animated by the recollection of many former victories over the Turks, and by the presence of a standing army of nearly 50,000 men. Under the leadership of Servia, the Slaves on the south of the Danube and the Save may, at any moment, ally themselves with their brethren on the northern banks of those rivers, and begin the dismemberment of Turkey.

The prolonged duel between the Ottomans and the Slaves is, at this moment, represented by the curious contest of which Montenegro is the theatre. Some 120,000 Slavic herdsmen occupy the steep sides and valleys of the Dinaric Alps between Niksich and the Herzegovina on the north, and the lake of Scutari, in Albania, on the south. They form a confederacy of cantons, which, during the last century, freed themselves one by one from the authority of the Turkish Pacha. Though acknowledging the military leadership of an hereditary prince, they still pay a tribute to the Porte; but the strength of their natural fortresses, and the sturdy bravery of their character, have made them almost an independent power in the midst of the Turkish Empire. Twice in the last ten years has the Ottoman Porte attempted to put an end to the offensive precedent, but its generals have only succeeded in depriving Montenegro of its lowland pastures. The Montenegrin demand of a port on the Adriatic and the restoration of its pastures, provoked about two months ago a third attack, in which the ablest generals of the Empire have brought large armies against the little province. But Cetigne, its capital, can be approached only through long defiles, and the rumours of great Turkish victories which from time to time arrive from Scutari are generally contradicted in a few days by more authentic news of their defeat from Austrian Ragusa. Still, a prolonged struggle between a few cantons scarcely possessing 25,000 fighting men, and the resources of an Empire in the hands of its ablest general, can have but one result. The resistance of a Slavic people, so brave, and so long successful, would, however, produce a profound impression on the whole race, were it made under the Carpathians; and as Montenegro is separated only by a narrow strip of territory from Servia, it is possible that, before Omar Pacha takes Cetigne, the unequal struggle may be interrupted by the intervention of the Prince of Servia.

The Sultan is entitled to receive a fixed tribute from Servia, and to place garrisons in seven of its fortresses, one of which is Belgrade. With these exceptions, the complete autonomy of the principality is guaranteed by the treaty of Paris. Unable otherwise to reconcile existing facts with that integrity of the Turkish Empire which the allies went to war to maintain, the authors of the treaty of Paris allowed Turkey to retain an offensive prerogative, while at the same time they gave other privileges to Servia, which could not indeed decently have been refused, but which were wholly incompatible with the continuance of the former. Accordingly, ever since 1856, Servia has been preparing the military force which may before long not only recover the fortresses, but deal a fatal blow to the Turkish Empire north of the Balkan. A month ago, the Pacha of Belgrade permitted his soldiers to avenge a petty squabble by the bombardment of the town. This unlucky blunder gives the Government of Servia an admirable opportunity for demanding the surrender of the fortress, the possession of which has been perverted to such a purpose. The Porte will probably refuse. Montenegro has set a brilliant example. It is easy to stir the fanatical feelings of the people; and unless the Western Powers can pour oil on the troubled waters, it is quite possible that, before the close of the year, a war may commence which will drive the Ottomans to the south of the Balkan.

The Turks are the most energetic and capable part of the subjects of the Sultan, but they will scarcely be able to carry on with success a long war at a distance from their head-quarters. If the Servians do not rise till they have secured the alliance of the other discontented populations of the empire, they will probably succeed. If they succeed, the empire of the Sultan will be contracted, not overthrown or reconstructed. A reconstruction of

the empire on such terms that all its populations should enjoy political equality and order under a Government commanding their willing obedience, would be the happiest solution of the Eastern question. But long years of cruelty and insult, have made a compromise between the Turks and their Christian subjects impossible. The latter will never consent to share Constantinople with the former; yet it will be long before they are able to wrest it from them.

THE AMERICAN WAR IN LONDON.

IT may not perhaps be generally known that the war between the Northern and Southern States of America has broken out with great violence in Fleet Street. Happily the weapons with which the contest in this quarter is carried on are such as may be used without danger or impediment to the travellers along that crowded thoroughfare. If paper should fail to answer all the purposes to which the belligerents are putting it in America, at least it will not disappoint them here in London. Mr. Gladstone will perhaps regret to learn that one of the results of his pacific system of finance has been to cheapen the material of war. A newspaper called the *London American* is published every Wednesday at No. 100, Fleet Street, to uphold the cause and celebrate the victories of the Northern States, while another newspaper, called the *Index*, is published every Thursday at No. 102, Fleet Street, to render similar services to the South. It happens that the single house which divides the Federal army of printers from the Confederates is occupied by a tobaccoconist, whose shop may be taken to represent that unhappy border-land of Virginia which lies between the contending powers. Far, however, from suffering in the fierce conflict which is raging between his neighbours, it is probable that this tobaccoconist gains a few extra customers through the attraction of emphatic placards of assertion on his left hand, and of contradiction on his right. The office of the Northern organ is adorned with specimens of the paper currency of the South, which it insultingly offers for sale at the price of a few pence per note. If this or any other movement in the war of words should menace the tranquillity of Fleet Street, we trust that our Government, acting on the same principle which lately enforced the neutrality of Southampton, will order a policeman to be constantly on duty in the neighbourhood.

As the *London American* was established to support the Northern cause, and as a considerable number of Northern Americans appear to approve of the course of proceeding which it adopts, we cannot help reading it with some interest, and expressing the astonishment we feel at the methods which its conductors think suitable to their end of influencing the opinion of intelligent Englishmen. Of course, if they simply propose to print by way of relieving their own minds, well and good; but if they desire to address themselves to other minds, we should judge that they are not managing their campaign here much better than Mr. Secretary Stanton has done at home. If they knew anything of the country in which their operations are carried on, they would know that the aid of Mr. G. F. Train would do them much more harm than good. But Mr. Train speaks, or rather raves, once a week in some public room, and one of the functions of the *London American* is to report the violent absurdities of which he thus delivers himself. One of Mr. Train's latest orations, which was upon the subject of Mr. Lindsay's motion in the House of Commons, begins thus:—"Mr. Lindsay's impudence is worthy of his rebel sympathies and vulgar manners." Now, supposing Mr. Lindsay's manners to be vulgar, what has his vulgarity to do with the question of recognising the Southern States? It has as much, perhaps, as the fact that the President of those States bears a name which is capable of being abbreviated into "Jeff." We observe that the *New York Tribune* testifies to "the fervour of the Union principles" of the *American*, and also to its "ability and discretion;" but our own testimony would be confined to the former point. Of course a paper which is published in England may be fairly tried by English rules, and therefore we venture to inquire what object is expected to be gained by publishing the letters which "J. D." writes to the *American* from New York. They bear the same relation to the ordinary correspondence of rational newspapers that the Richardsonian drama lately exhibited at the Crystal Palace does to one of Shakespeare's tragedies. It is almost impossible, while reading "J. D.'s" strange effusions, to bear in mind that they are not burlesques. "The bloodiest chapter ever recorded in the world's history has been traced upon the records of time." This is how J. D. throws off for his account of the battles before Richmond. There may be critics in New York who think this fine writing, but we only think it fastidious. In the next sentence mention is made of "the greatest living general of his age, George B. McClellan." It occurs to us that all living generals, whether or not comparable to Napoleon, are generals of the age, just as all chapters recorded in history necessarily find places in the records of time. But we strongly suspect that what we should call tautology is thought by the correspondent and editor of the *American* to be soul-stirring eloquence. When "J. D." claims "the admiration of all civilized nations" for the "desperation, valour, and endurance" of the contending armies, it rather seems that he expects an equal tribute of applause to his own power of descriptive composition. Although he calls the Confederates by all manner of hard names himself, he still expects his English readers to admire them, not of course equally with the Federals, but still far beyond any mere Old World heroes. Indeed, he reminds us of a man who

abuses and beats his wife, and at the same time insists that all his neighbours should admire her and pay her compliments. Turning from his style to what we suppose he means for facts, we gather that "the lion-hearted McClellan" has repulsed the rebels thrice to once that they have made him fall back; that "he has swung the right of his army around for a distance exceeding thirty miles;" and that "under constant and desperate attacks from overpowering numbers" he has obtained a position which makes "his advance upon Richmond far more practicable than by the line which the deluded rebels supposed he had marked out for himself." During the whole of the seven days' operations General McClellan lost only one siege gun, and—what was even more important—"at no time was the slightest shadow seen to cloud the sunshine of his brow," nor for a moment did he falter in faith in his noble and gallant army. Rebel prisoners admit that the successful change of front had astonished the traitor leaders "more than anything that had transpired during this rebellion," and that it was some time before those leaders could believe that McClellan was not retreating in disorder.

One of the oddest points about "J. D." is, that while indulging the wildest flights of exaggeration, he is yet determined to assert his character for accuracy. Thus he says that "the various reporters of the press" fix the loss of the Federal army in the seven days' fighting at from fifteen to twenty thousand, and that of the rebels at forty thousand; but as he knows from long experience how casualties are magnified "upon the eve of every battle"—by which expression he appears to mean "after the battle has taken place"—he calculates that "fifteen thousand will cover our entire loss, and twenty thousand that of the rebels." And yet he introduces the topic of the loss sustained by the contending armies by declaring that it is "fearful beyond conception;" and as he waxes warmer he asserts that "no other people than Americans would have waged such a hand-to-hand strife, and for such a period;" and still farther on, that "the loss of life during the whole seven days' combats exceeds that of any battles ever before fought." That such a war should be waged by Americans against each other, he says, "one of those mysterious designs of an all-wise Providence that no finite mind can fathom." Perhaps his countryman, Mr. Sothorn, would have put it, "that no fellow can make out." He has no doubt that some great good is to be worked out "for the benefit of the universal brotherhood of man;" and foreign Powers are recommended to reflect, that a people schooled in such desperate struggles of war, once united, would be "capable of making thrones as well as despots tremble." He does not say this in a spirit of braggadocio, "but let any crowned head thrust between us its interference," and he, in effect, threatens that that head will get pretty badly punched.

We have nothing to remark upon the *Index*, except that it is written in the language which people of ordinary education and unimpaired faculties use in England, and that it attempts to advance the cause of the Southern States by employing rational arguments and advancing statements which are not extravagantly incredible. Of course we cannot speak of the *Index* as we think, without incurring the risk of being denounced by the *American* as sympathizers with the South. But, in this matter, the only sympathy we confess to feeling is a sympathy with the common rules of literary composition, and of historical veracity, which are outrageously violated by the London organ of the Northern States. Perhaps, too, if we spoke unreservedly, we should admit that the letters and orations of Mr. G. F. Train infuse into our minds a slight aversion to the cause which enjoys that gentleman's support. We observe that Mr. Train was very indignant, in his lecture, at the treatment which General Butler has received from the English newspapers. He told his hearers that where America has one skeleton in her closet, England has a dozen; and then, changing his subject, he declared, in defiance of all the telegrams, that McClellan had trapped the rebels, and that Richmond was completely hemmed in by the great armies of the Northern States. Mr. Train lately lectured on the immorality of Epsom races, and it seems that last Monday, "by invitation of the Brotherhood of St. Patrick," he delivered an address (not yet reported) on the Downfall of England. A recent number of the *American* contains a letter from "an American gentleman of well-known literary fame," to "a Unionist in London," whose lucid and eloquent advocacy has elicited the warmest gratitude of his fellow-citizens, and who, therefore, is not improbably Mr. Train himself. We purchased a copy, and we can truly say that we do not at all regret the outlay. There is an account of England's conduct during the rebellion, intended by the author to be in the style of "the future Macaulay or Alison," which we would on no account have missed the pleasure of reading. The *London American* is published in the same street as *Punch*, and at the same price; and although the fun is unintentional, it is nearly, if not quite, as good.

GOODWOOD RACES.

THE race for the Goodwood Cup did not end in an exciting struggle, but it had the merit of bringing together as good a lot of horses as one need wish to see. There was, in the first place, The Wizard, whom everybody admits to be a race-horse of the highest class, but who lacks, perhaps, the pluck necessary for a severe finish. The Wizard was in this same race last year, and he allowed the American horse Starke to beat him in the last few

strides, when nothing but determination was wanting to secure victory. Indeed The Wizard has managed just not to do it so many times, that when he beat Asteroid at Stockbridge lately, his success seemed unaccountable, except on the supposition that Rogers's great experience had suggested to him some contrivance as effectual as moral suasion is thought by certain enthusiasts to be with silent boys. It is true that the victory was not a great one, because the horses carried even weights, although The Wizard is a year older; but then Asteroid had won the Ascot Cup just before in a style which enhanced the high reputation which he attained last year. Riding without either whip or spur, Rogers certainly did on that occasion contrive to counteract The Wizard's tendency to shut up just when the pinch was felt. It seemed that at last this splendid horse had got a rider who could prevail upon him to do himself justice, and accordingly he was made favourite for the Goodwood Cup at odds which we could not help thinking shorter than his earlier history justified. Our own notion of a good thing would have been to back The Wizard for a place, but not to win the race. He looked, before saddling, quite himself, as fine a horse as there is upon the turf; but as he walked round and round, under those trees which may be best described as the "green-room" of Goodwood, there certainly was some appearance of stiffness about the near hind-foot, which, however, was not perceptible afterwards when he cantered. Rogers again rode without whip or spur, but on this occasion moral influence did not supply their places so efficaciously as at Stockbridge. Leaving The Wizard engaged in a walk under the trees, we next turned our attention to a very fine pair of mares. One of these was Audrey, winner of the Cesarowitch last year, who had been favourite or nearly so for the Stakes on Wednesday, and ran fourth for them. As Audrey is now six years old, her public life must be near its close, and it may be expected that her name will hereafter be kept in memory by her descendants, for she looks fit to be the mother of illustrious horses. Her companion under the trees was Fairwater, whose merit is sufficiently well known, as she won the Liverpool Cup a fortnight ago, and ran a very good third for the Ascot Cup, which indeed she at one moment looked like winning. She was ridden by Fordham at Ascot and Liverpool; but as Mr. Ten Broeck has a horse running to-day, Fordham will ride for him. The horse which Fordham is to ride is no other than the once famous Umpire, upon whom the Americans heaped such a pile of money before the Derby of two years ago. The boastfulness of Americans has of late been turned to other subjects than horse-racing, and Umpire is not by any means the only hero who has been manufactured out of very ordinary clay. It is possible that the bragging there has been about this horse may have inspired us with a prejudice against him. Whatever be the cause, we never liked him, and we do not like him now; and we should not mind taking reasonable odds that Umpire would be the last horse in the race. At any rate, we do not expect that Mr. Ten Broeck, who beat The Wizard with Starke last year, will beat him now with Umpire. Being an American-bred horse, Umpire has an allowance of half a stone, and we feel confident that The Wizard is more than that much better than he. As he is being saddled his owner is heard to mention, for the information of bystanders, that that horse bites everything and kicks everything he comes near. Not being so much in love with Umpire as to be desirous of either bite or kick, we turn to a handsome chestnut filly with white hind-legs, who is no other than Mr. Naylor's Feu de Joie, the latest winner of the Oaks. This is a very pretty creature, but scarcely fit, like Fairwater and Audrey, to mingle in conflict with the sterner sex.

The three-year-old fillies of the present year have not thus far shown themselves by any means equal to the colts, which are, if we do not mistake, beyond the average of merit. There is, in the first place, The Marquis. Not to speak of his public running, it is reported that he has pretty well galloped his trial horse, Cape Fly-away, off his legs, and that The Wizard also has found The School-master's work too much for him. There is also the horse which beat The Marquis for the Derby. And besides, there are the two three-year-olds which started for the Goodwood Cup. Of one of these, Tim Whiffler, it is almost impossible to speak too highly. He looks the very model of a race-horse, and if the character of the year depended on him alone it would not be contemptible. It is a pity that he has not entered either for the Derby or St. Leger, and really some opportunity ought to be found for a meeting between him and The Marquis, as we believe the result would be a race which would be remembered for many years to come. Tim Whiffler won the Chester Cup, and he won a race at Ascot, just as he liked; so that the price of 2,500 guineas, for which his present owner bought him, was not at all too high. There can be no doubt that Tim Whiffler is an extraordinarily good three-year-old, and we must say that in this race three-year-olds are rather unduly favoured. The difference of two stone in weight is, at this time of the year, disproportioned to a difference of two years in age. Such a horse as Tim Whiffler improves every month, while such a horse as The Wizard, perhaps, does not improve at all. Looking at Tim Whiffler, and considering the weight he carried, it seemed that he ought to win this race, but somehow he had not lately commanded as much confidence as might have been expected. Indeed, the preference was generally given to another excellent horse of the same year, Zetland, who made such a courageous finish as second to Asteroid for the Ascot Cup, and whose power of endurance is remarkable, while in speed he has few superiors in his year. If previous performances are any guide, it is certain that Zetland cannot be far from winning, although we

hardly give him credit for being as good as the betting assumes him to be.

Of the seven horses which have been mentioned, every one except Umpire would command admiration anywhere. Tim Whiffler is not the handsomest of the lot, but he looks as if he could do anything. His rider had evidently determined to make the pace strong from start to finish, relying upon the horse's quality, and also upon the light weight which he carried as compared with Fairwater and The Wizard. The rider of Zetland also adopted the same tactics. The result was, that these two horses, in company for some time with Audrey, were ahead of everything else throughout the race. It is not often that this plan of making running all the way answers, but it succeeded this year at Ascot, and it succeeded again at Goodwood. As the race was being run, the friends of The Wizard looked for him, and the friends of Fairwater looked for her, and both appeared to be in reasonably good places—near enough, that is, to the front for the decisive rush which their respective partisans expected to see made. But, alas! when it came to the critical moment, The Wizard could make but a poor effort, and Fairwater could make none at all. Tim Whiffler was ahead of everything, and Zetland was ahead of everything else. Perhaps Zetland could have got nearer to Tim Whiffler, but he could not have got near enough to have had any chance of beating him. Perhaps, also, Rogers might have prevailed upon The Wizard to do rather more, but it was impossible for him to do anything to the purpose. Having lost the Goodwood Cup by a very little last year, The Wizard lost it by a great deal this year. The three first horses looked very much as if they were doing their duty contentedly in that state of life to which they had respectively been called. Tim Whiffler was easily, and much as a matter of course, first; and so was Zetland second; and so was The Wizard third. Each took his own place, and did not attempt to interfere with the place of anybody else. The Wizard's rider had neither whip nor spur, and the riders of the other horses did not want any. The finish was very quiet, gentlemanly, and unexciting. The position of each horse seemed to be accepted quite as if it were a matter of destiny, which no energy could improve and no laxity of exertion damage. Of the other horses, we believe that Umpire was the very last, but it really did not matter in the least where any of them were. The two powerful three-year-olds had taken full advantage of their light weights, and had fairly galloped away from everything in the field.

Although the race for the Goodwood Cup ended in this tranquil manner, the sight of six out of the seven horses that ran for it was in itself enough to repay the journey to the course. The character of this race for bringing together the best horses upon the turf has been fully maintained in the present year. The character of the other grand race of the meeting, viz. the Goodwood Stakes, has also been maintained; for there was a great deal of gambling upon this race, and it was won by a horse who was quite unknown before. The great secret of success in handicaps is to have a moderately good horse whose merit is known to yourself only. If your horse is very good, the secret of his goodness will almost invariably ooze out. Races of this kind, having usually a large number of entries, are highly convenient to the bookmaker, but are not very interesting to the mere spectator. The fine mare Audrey carried nine stone in this race, and over nine stone next day for the Cup, and in both instances she got over the two and a half miles of ground creditably. It is to be noticed that the Findon Stakes, which Mr. Naylor won last year with Caterer, have been won by him again this year with Pratique. Indeed, as Mr. Naylor started three horses for this race, it would have been hard if one of them had not been successful. The two-year-olds which showed at Goodwood were not, generally speaking, of very high merit, and the three-year-olds which ran in the races peculiar to their year were not by any means adapted to make good our opinion of the excellence of their class. The first race on Thursday brought out three three-year-olds, one of whom was Buckenham, a horse who sometimes has had admirers. Buckenham did not win nor try to win, nor even try to make winning by any other horse troublesome. Somebody suggested that he was going to run for the Cup, and that he was started in this race only to get a gentle canter. If true, this would have been aggravating to any misguided persons who had put money upon him in the belief that he would try to win. But as Buckenham did not start for the Cup, it may be supposed that he honestly did his best in the previous race, and that the gentle canter was too much for him.

At Goodwood, if the sport ever flags, one turns for full satisfaction to the scenery. The meeting of this year has had the advantage of real English summer weather, which, when it can be got, is surpassed by very few climates. There is only one drawback to the delightful impression made by Goodwood Races, and that is, the hideous assemblage of wretched, starved, and tortured hacks which drag vehicles from the railway to the course, up a hill which is both long and steep. Surely there cannot be a greater contrast than that between the horses which people come to see and those which bring them. These miserable animals are tethered during the day by the side of that grove wherein their high-born brethren walk sheeted before the races in which they are engaged. After all, perhaps pushing four stout personages up that hill is not much more painful than finishing a great race; but then of course it is not anything like so glorious.

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BUTLER'S APOLOGY.

TAM Mercurio quam Marti. General Butler, in one respect, equals Cæsar—he can write as well as fight. To be sure, his noble exploits are only achieved against women; and his weapons are worthy of his warfare. The man who could insult women by his infamous proclamation can vindicate it, and, writing to a friend at Boston—the very Academe of America—he at last tells us what he really meant by it. But, outrageous as was his original offence, his defence is something worse. There was but one element wanting to our knowledge of this person's character, to make it an exhaustive specimen of human villainess. General Butler has been kind enough to complete our knowledge of himself. He acknowledges and vindicates his proclamation. "Under like circumstances he would issue it again;" and, in explaining it, he adds just that one personal trait which makes the picture of him whole and harmonious. The dash of sanctimonious hypocrisy was lacking, and he has supplied it. He has been traduced, misrepresented, and misunderstood. "Careless of the slanders of his enemies," he is nobly desirous, nay, "jealous of the good opinions of his friends." Being a Christian and a reader of Shakspeare, he throws off with Shylock's famous apostrophe to "Father Abraham," and wonders what sort of Christians men can be who suspect the very thoughts of others. For himself, he is a Scipio and his army a holy legion of pure-minded apostles of patriotism. Such being his nature and such the life of his chaste soldiery, he addressed them only in language which could be understood by the pure in heart. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, or, as he says, in a fine spirit of piety, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and it is only men like the Editor of the *Boston Courier* who could so construe his general order as to suppose that he intended to hand over the ladies of New Orleans to the brutal license of a coarse soldiery. This could not be his meaning, because soldiers are gentlemen. When General Butler meets a common woman plying her vocation in the streets, he passes her by with an austere and indignant virtue. "He takes no notice of her—her words and gestures are not insulting to him." "It is only when she becomes a continuous and positive nuisance that you call a watchman and give her in charge." It was therefore "with anxious and careful thought" that General Butler hit upon this order—"Women who insult my soldiers are to be regarded and treated as common women plying their vocation." It is only Northern editors, and he might have added every honourable-man in Europe, who could misunderstand his proclamation; and those who do misunderstand it are in the habit of "stopping such women, talking with them, and holding dalliance with them, and so, from their own conduct, they construed his order."

This is ingenious, and quite worthy of an attorney's mind. General Butler has not studied *Nisi Prius* for nothing; though, like some other specimens of special pleading, it proves rather too much. It is no great objection to his transparent fallacy to observe of it that he contrives, in offering this explanation to his Boston friend, to insult the common voice of Europe at the same time. It will be an additional claim upon the gratitude and respect of General Butler's fellow-citizens that he has managed to charge such persons as the members of the British House of Commons, by a neat inuendo, with consorting commonly with common women. But to the defence. It amounts to this. General Butler is himself an eminently moral man—we have, at any rate, his own word for it. And his troops like himself, are one and all, every man of them Sir Galahads also. They have no camp-followers; they have no dealings with common women; they are as pure as unsunned icicles like himself. They at once understood his proclamation. Knowing no evil, they thought no evil. They only understood it as school-girls understand commentaries on the seventh commandment—namely, as a delicate hint to them to persevere in their immaculate and maiden modesty. An army of saints would at once enter into the feelings and interpret aright the words of their saintly commander. To the pure all things are pure.

There is one slight abatement in the completeness of the holy and austere General's saintliness. A thoroughly good man, such as General Butler paints himself, does not usually degrade himself by foul-mouthed abuse of even the most worthless of the female sex. His language of austere disgust, and his feelings, too, are tempered with some charity for the most fallen and degraded. General Butler, on the contrary, rails at all the ladies of New Orleans in the most foul-mouthed language. He vilifies them in the dialect of Billingsgate, if not of the stews. He quotes Scripture against them once and again; though he might have remembered that his friend Shylock, like

The devil, can cite Scripture for his purpose;

and

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

"The devil," he says, with edifying unction, "had entered into the hearts of the women of this town (you know seven of them chose Mary Magdalene for a residence) to stir up strife in every way possible." To class all the ladies of New Orleans with the woman who was a sinner, the proverbial type of harlotry, is scarcely consistent with that Christian charity which, in addition to the other evangelical virtues, a General of austere virtue must necessarily possess. But he plunges at once from Scripture to slang. "The insults of these bejewelled, becrinolined, and belaced creatures calling themselves ladies, were more than flesh and blood

could stand without retort." "These she-adders of New Orleans must be shamed into propriety." In short, the Magdalens in whom was no shame, the women into whom all the devils had entered, must be treated as common women; and we all know how common women are treated by soldiers and gentlemen—of course with silence, modesty, and purity.

This is General Butler's commentary on his own order; and he has also illustrated it by his practice. At the funeral of a Federal officer, one Lieut. de Kay, it appears that a Southern lady of remarkable spirit and ingenuous freedom of tongue, made herself conspicuous by sitting in her balcony and displaying Southern colours and otherwise misconducting herself. Not that she stood alone, for the whole of New Orleans sympathized with her, and the scene in the church where the funeral service was celebrated was so violent that, in a transport of rage wholly unbecoming to so savoury a professor as General Butler, that religious commander declared that if he had been there he would have bombarded the church. The Bomba of the North vented his holy indignation not on the church but on the lady. Mrs. Phillips was at once arrested, and another general order, quite equal to his infamous proclamation, was at once issued. Mrs. Phillips, on being subjected to the gentle commander's interrogation, with Southern vivacity replied, "I was in good spirits that day." Flesh and blood, at least General Butler's flesh and blood, could not stand this sharp artillery of woman's tongue. "It is therefore ordered that she be not regarded and treated as a common woman, but as an uncommon, bad, and dangerous woman," and therefore he sends her into solitary confinement. Butler's wit is worthy almost of his namesake who wrote *Hudibras*; and he might have been contented with the sly joke of styling Mrs. Phillips an uncommon specimen of a common woman. The retort would have been ample vengeance for the lady's pertness. In the tongue duel the General had the best of it. There was hardly a necessity for clenching his pleasantry by transporting the defeated joker to a felon's prison as well. Poor Mrs. Phillips finds it to be a sad mistake to bandy sharp sayings with the commander of an army of occupation, just as somebody else discovered that it was of no use to argue with the master of ten legions.

But the value of General Butler's second general order is the light it throws not only on his first general order, but on his own explanation of its meaning. Mrs. Phillips is not to be treated as a common woman, but is to be ordered to prison. The inference is plain, that the New Orleans ladies and common women are not to be treated as Mrs. Phillips is treated. She is imprisoned, because she is not to be regarded as a common woman. How, then, are common women to be treated? As Mrs. Phillips was not treated. But according to his own account of his own meaning, this imprisonment was exactly what he says he threatened all the ladies with. Either, then, General Butler's joke loses all its point, and he has treated Mrs. Phillips as a common woman, or in his "infamous proclamation" he did not intend that sense to be given to it which he has recently invented in his letter of explanation to his Boston friend. One way or the other, General Butler has tumbled into an obvious inconsistency. He must either abandon his joke or his explanation. By his treatment of Mrs. Phillips he has proved that his proclamation was intended in that sense which every reasonable being has attached to it. He has convicted himself out of his own mouth; and as General Butler likes Scripture and knows his Bible, we make him a present of the language as well as the sense of the text.

Of course all this is poor work. It is lamentably easy to unmask a sanctimonious ruffian like this Butler; and—for insensibly one slips into too much of Scriptural allusion, which is almost defiled by applying it, except in retort, to so great a master in inspired language—we feel a certain kind of ceremonial defilement, and seem to be unclean till the evening while touching such as General Butler. But a serious question remains. Is the South to be held by an army of pro-consuls like this? Here is New Orleans, the second city of the American continent, a city, as General Butler says, "seven miles long by two to four wide, of 150,000 inhabitants, all hostile, bitter, defiant, explosive, standing literally on a magazine, a spark only needed for destruction." It can only be held by threats of bombarding churches, and by actually imprisoning women. Every woman is a Jael in it. But New Orleans does not stand alone. Every city and town and village in the South is alive with the like of Mrs. Phillips; and when the legions of the North have triumphed, and when the unborn sons and daughters of those whom the Butlers, and the like of Butler, have consigned to infamy and Ship Island, can lisp curses, they will be showered with even more than Mrs. Phillips' "good spirits" on their conquerors and oppressors. Is this the tenure by which the Union is to be preserved?

CERAMIC ART AND GLASS IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

FROM our review of the Painting and Sculpture, or what our grandmothers would have called the Fine Arts, of the International Exhibition, we pass by a natural transition to the equally "fine" and not less interesting Applied Arts. But in our survey of the arts in their connexion with various manufactures, we shall occupy a more limited field than in the former part of our subject. We shall not attempt to investigate the general state and condition of industrial art, but only to notice the comparative progress made since 1851 in those departments of production in which

the artistic element is most conspicuous. The rather barbarous compound word, "art-manufacture," has come into vogue during the last decade. Its invention and adoption testify to a want in our language. The great lesson which was taught us in the Exhibition of 1851 was our shortcoming in the application of pure and appropriate design to the objects of our handicraft. Since then, we have striven hard to supply the artistic element that was confessedly wanting in our industrial products, while foreign nations have done the like; and art-manufacture, both name and thing, is the result of our strenuous exertions. It is a question of great interest whether any, and what, progress has been made during the last ten years in the general application of better principles of design—in form, and colour, and fitness, and truthfulness—to the various articles of use or luxury which are necessary for our daily life.

Unfortunately, the inquiry must be limited to the industrial art of Europe. America is, for all practical purposes, unrepresented in the present Exhibition; and our own Colonies are, in an artistic point of view, wholly barren. Their respective displays of raw materials—mineral and vegetable—are indeed full of interest and of promise; but whatever application of art is attempted in any of them seems to be nothing more than an inferior reproduction of the English ideas of twenty years since. Our emigrated artisans, in fact, have only known how to work up the old traditions of their apprenticeships; and it is clear that the recent movement in art at home has not yet reached Melbourne or Montreal. Again, the Oriental and semi-Oriental exhibitors at South Kensington astonish us, as always, with their exquisite unsophisticated colouring, and their faithful application of the traditions of a legitimate, but moribund, style of art. Progress, as understood at Lyons or in the Staffordshire Potteries, is scarcely to be looked for, or hoped for, in the manufactures of India or Japan. The inevitable change, when it comes, will be in the wrong direction. Already, in the Turkish Court, among the fairy tissues, and the muslins of "Coan" delicacy, which recall the *Arabian Nights*, there are some fabrics, coarse and vulgar in pattern and colour, which show a deplorable endeavour to follow the worst taste of Western Europe. An excellent article in the *Quarterly Review* points out the same in the Indian Court, as illustrated in the Bombay productions. We repeat that it will be quite sufficient for our purpose to examine whether applied art has improved or retrograded in the industrial products of the chief European nations.

There is little difference of opinion among competent observers that, upon the whole, the review of the artistic progress made since 1851 is eminently satisfactory. Much indeed might be said on the other side of the question. Some particular branches of manufacture, and some nations, viewed collectively, show no improvement at all. Shams and unrealities still abound, and new crops of blunders and errors, in taste and principle of design, might easily be pointed out. But, in spite of this, extreme cases of false art are certainly on the decrease; and in many an unexpected quarter it is easy to discern the first germination of sounder principles. The most marked and decided advance in this respect may be claimed, we are glad to say, for our own country. It is no mere patriotic prejudice which leads us to say this of the British manufacturers. We believe that many of our foreign visitors have reached the same conclusion. Without dreaming of disparaging the extraordinary beauty and interest of the French Court in particular, when it is viewed as a whole, we do not hesitate to assert that between the French art-manufactures of 1851 and 1862 there is less difference than between the British products of the two periods. It is some satisfaction to reflect that so much success has attended the labours of our Schools of Art, in spite of all the charlatanism by which their management has been distinguished, and that the preachings and criticisms of our independent art-journals have not been in vain. There are, we believe, but few branches of our national manufacturing industry in which signs of artistic life, and proofs of the gradual working of sound principles of design, may not be discovered. In fact, the distinction between artist and artisan is less marked than it used to be. There are some departments in which our countrymen maintain their superiority and distance all competitors; in most they are well able to hold their own; in none are they conspicuously inferior.

Ceramic art claims the first place in our review, because in it the English exhibitors, as a body, are unrivalled. Not that Sévres has fallen below its ancient renown. There are beautiful specimens of that porcelain in the French Court, remarkable especially for their scale and boldness of treatment; but their excellence seems stereotyped, not progressive. Dresden, again, goes on reproducing the insipid prettinesses of the last century. We notice indeed some mirror-frames in Dresden ware which are a novelty; but the manufacture as a whole is stationary and unimproving. Stoke-upon-Trent and Worcester not only equal Dresden and Sévres in their respective specialties, but they produce, in astonishing variety and excellence, every imaginable kind of ceramic manufacture. Messrs. Minton, Messrs. Copeland, Sir James Duke & Co., and other firms, run each other very hard in this generous competition. Palissy ware, Capo da Monte, and every other sort of *faience* and of *majolica*, seem to be imitated with almost equal accuracy and success. The Luca della Robbia ware, though evidently growing in favour, as it well deserves to do, is as yet, we fancy, in respect of colour and texture, the least happy reproduction. In the famous *Majolica Fountain* of Messrs. Minton & Company, we have the finest and

largest work of ornamental pottery ever yet conceived or executed. To describe in detail the extraordinary display of these leading exhibitors would be to go through the whole extent of ceramic art. We should add that Messrs. Minton's principles of design seem to be broadly eclectic. Messrs. Copeland are unrivalled for the material of their delicate egg-shell porcelain, and for their jewelled porcelain; but it strikes us that a purer design is to be desired. So, too, we venture to accuse of some want of refinement the statuettes of the much-praised Royal Dinner-Service from the Worcester Works. It is one of the most hopeful signs that all the great firms from the Potteries, without exception, show an honest endeavour to obtain the best possible designs for the modelling and colouring of their works. We may not always admire the results; but it is undeniable that the intention is good. Of the retail firms which represent the average market status of this manufacture in England, Messrs. Goode—who are, we believe, exhibitors, but not producers—may be taken as a type. The other and inferior branch of the potter's art, which has to do with tiles for floor or mural decoration, is exclusively confined to England. Here, again, Messrs. Minton are pre-eminent; but Messrs. Maw & Co., and other exhibitors from the Shropshire coal field, very nearly equal them, and they all manifest the same healthy feature—the recourse had to the artist or the architect. The French ceramic display, independently of that from Sévres, shows considerable promise. There are not a few signs that the French potters, as becomes the countrymen of Palissy, are trying to make experiments in their craft. We hope that these attempts will result in some new form or application of the art. In a plain white Limoges ware for table service, so far as colour is concerned, the specimens exhibited by M. Ardant and by M. Pouyat are certainly better than any of the same sort made in England. M. Blumberg has imitated Palissy ware with much success; but the specimens of the same sort exhibited by M. Visseau seem to us to show still more force and spirit. M. Bally signalizes himself by his Luca della Robbia ware—M. Jean and M. Lavalley, by their bold and free imitation of various styles. M. Gille may be mentioned as the only exhibitor who degrades this beautiful art to questionable ends by his feebly and meretriciously coloured statuettes. He attempts also in porcelain the imitation of that abominably debased kind of sculpture which has become popular in modern Italy, in which the face is represented as covered by a veil. The Marquis Ginori, of Florence, has succeeded in reproducing most admirably every kind of *majolica*. A certain rudeness in the patterns of some of his works distinguishes them from the almost excessive neatness and trimness of design in the modern *majolica* of France and England. Some of these Ginori specimens on this account might be much more easily mistaken for genuine ancient works from Gubbio or Urbino than their English rivals. The Capo da Monte, and Luca della Robbia, wares from this same Ginori factory are truly excellent. On the other hand, the Royal Berlin Manufactory and the Copenhagen Manufactory make some ambitious displays, in which nothing is noticeable but a mediocre adherence to old traditions. In the Austrian Court will be noticed some porcelain which, without any share of the scholarlike revival (so to call it) of the old *faience* which we have been describing elsewhere, shows some energy and vitality of its own. On the whole, the ceramic display in the Exhibition is full of promise. The extensive use of so beautiful a material, which is indestructible, alike in form and colour, in the external architecture of Northern Europe, may safely be predicted; and it is in this direction that we look for the most marked development in ceramic manufacture during the next few years. If Minton's fountain had not any other merit, it would be well deserving of study as an experiment, on a scale hitherto undreamed of, of ceramic architecture.

We see no evidence in the Exhibition that any considerable advance has been made since 1851 in the treatment of terra cotta, especially in its application to architectural decoration. Yet here, again, there is an opportunity for great improvement and for a larger introduction into general use. There are one or two exhibitors in the department to whom we commend this hint. Whether the huge external mosaics with which the Exhibition building is to be overrun will aid or check progress, remains to be seen. Glass manufacture, again, is a kindred branch of applied art, which is as yet only half developed. The difficulty seems to be to obtain good form in vitrified substances used for decorative purposes. Mr. Osler has made some commendable attempts in his candelabra, but has failed, as it seems to us, through attempting too much. The glass-mosaics of Mr. Stevens show no improvement either in colour or in the treatment of his gold tesserae. In these the reflection of the light is affected by the gilding being on the inner plane, and not on the surface, of the mosaic. His process is far excelled by that of Signor Salviati, of Venice, who has discovered a method of fluxing a thin vitreous coat over the gilt surface of his tesserae. Signor Salviati's mosaics and other works are rather crudely coloured, and his design is conventional; but we are inclined to look upon his process as one that is likely to be most useful in the application of gilding to purposes of decoration and polychromatic construction. He has himself applied it, though as yet on a small scale, to curvilinear surfaces. This invention comes to us from Venice. We should be glad to think that the old glories of Murano would be recovered under Signor Salviati's auspices. The revival of the streaked chalcidony glass is a graceful contribution to domestic art, and the application of the marquetry process to glass inlaying produces extraordinary nicety of work. But he will have most formidable rivals in the attempt from those

who are before him in the field. An imperial antagonist has entered the lists, in the gigantic mosaic of St. Nicholas, a stately pontifical figure on a gold ground, which Russia has sent us as a specimen of the decorations of the great church of St. Isaac in the capital. Nevertheless, we anticipate more real artistic gain from the productions of the Venetian advocate than from the large but smooth and showy works of the Muscovite manufactory. In no department of applied art is genuine improvement more manifest than in the glass for domestic purposes exhibited by the leading British manufacturers. The cast and stamped glass of the last generation has almost disappeared. In its stead we have the most delicate imitations of the substance and shapes of the best Venetian examples. Exquisite form, graceful ornamentation, and charming combinations of colour may be seen in the works of almost all the British exhibitors in this class. Some of the jewelled glass in particular may be instanced as very nearly approaching perfection. It is almost invidious to single out any firms for special commendation where the general average of merit is so high; but we think that by far the most beautiful specimens in the Exhibition bear the names of Messrs. Phillips of Bond Street, and Messrs. Dobson & Pearce of St. James's Street. Some household glass of good shapes is exhibited also by Messrs. Morris, Marshall, & Co. Of painted glass for ecclesiastical or secular use this is not the place to speak. The development of artistic glass manufacture is almost confined to England. M. Minot is the only French exhibitor who appears to have caught the infection. The other European countries do not seem to have attempted more than to maintain their antecedent reputation. Still it is impossible not to speak in terms of considerable praise of the varied gracefulness of the productions which the manufactories of Bohemia are able to offer to the purchasers at such reasonable prices. The limited display of Bavarian glass is of the same character. Belgium rests content with the bigness of its sheets of plate glass. The rest of the world is literally nowhere.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF FREDERICK LUCAS.*

IT is very seldom that so good a piece of biography as this is offered to the public. It is almost everything a biography of the kind ought to be, and yet it is written under disadvantages which, in the vast majority of cases, prove fatal. It is written by a friend; the subject of the memoir was highly valued in a small circle, and little known or valued beyond it; and most of its interest is derived from the mode in which the hero of the book threw himself into certain religious and social questions. Generally, friendship, antagonism to the opinion of the world, and anything like religious interest, are fatal to good sense, brevity, and simplicity in a biographer. It is true that Mr. Lucas's life did not offer much for a biographer to dwell on. What there was to say could be said conveniently in a small space. But that is nothing. Generally, the less there is to say, the greater is the length to which a biography extends. Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Carlyle both wrote the life of Sterling, and the Archdeacon's memoir was about four times as long as the historian's. How biography is written depends, not on the materials, but on the biographer. It would be absurd to place Mr. Riethmüller's little volume on the same level with Mr. Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*—the most interesting biography in the recent literature of England. There is nothing like the brilliant excursions on the latter days of Coleridge and the elder Sterling in the pages of Mr. Riethmüller; but so far as mere biography goes, the merits of the two works depend on much the same causes. Both writers praise their departed friend with a reserve and a respectful dignity that are more expressive than volumes of panegyric. Both retain their position of outside critics, and do not suffer themselves to be absorbed in admiration. Both avoid all needless tearing away of the sacred veil of domestic privacy; and both avoid printing masses of correspondence. Perhaps, also, the success of both is in some measure due to the circumstance that neither believed in the mission, nor had much sympathy with the labours, of those whose career they commemorate. Mr. Carlyle describes Sterling's search for a basis of religious belief as a foolish clinging to worn-out Hebrew clothes. Mr. Riethmüller regards with the aversion of a calm English Protestant the vagaries of a convert to Popery, and a fanatical supporter of the most foolish of Irish grievances. The coldness of style which this difference of opinion might naturally create is, in both instances, avoided by the same genuine, hearty affection for the friend apart from his beliefs. It may be conducive to good biography that the biographer should thus contemplate from the outside the person whose life he writes. Probably, an Irish Roman Catholic would have made a much longer business of describing the vagaries of the editor of the *Tablet*. We should have had endless outpourings about Tenant Right and Repeal, and the Irish Church. This is not at all what we want. We know all about these interesting questions; or, if we do not, we are at least callous to the effusions of ardent friends of Ireland. What attracts us in reading about Mr. Lucas is not what he thought, but how he thought it—the ardour, the frankness, the impulsive nobleness of his character. This Mr. Riethmüller brings before us, and little more than a hundred small

pages have been enough for him. We can only hope that so good an example may have more imitators than we think at all likely.

Frederick Lucas was born in 1812, of Quaker parents, and was one of the earliest students at the London University. He soon became conspicuous among his fellows. "There was," says the fellow-student who now writes his biography, "something singularly engaging in his look and manner. His figure gave the impression of rude health and vigour, and his smile was the sweetest, his laugh the most exhilarating, I ever met with." His conversation was characterized by a constant flow of rich and genial humour. In the regular studies of the place he only took a moderate degree of interest; but he read indiscriminately, and with insatiable appetite, a vast amount of miscellaneous literature. When he had once visited the theatre—a pleasure denied to his childhood by the religious scruples of the body to which he belonged—the drama became a passion to him. He also delighted in many games of strength and skill, and his companions were charmed by the heartiness with which he boated, bathed, and cricketed, and by the spirit of exuberant enjoyment he displayed. Naturally he acquired great influence among his fellow-students; and nothing, perhaps, contributed to this influence more than the ardour with which he took up each successive author, or theory, or belief, that happened to attract him. It was, says his biographer, the especial characteristic of his mind, that he never took up any subject by halves. For some time he was a Benthamite to a degree and with a fervour that, even at the London University, must have seemed strange. Then he was completely turned round by Wordsworth, and his mind was laid open to the influx of a thoroughly new order of sentiments and aspirations. He had long ceased to think Quakerism wide enough to hold him, and the teaching of Wordsworth impelled him to seek some vent for his strong religious feelings in a direction as opposed to the narrow Puritanism of his early recollections as possible. The study of Dante, and the writings of Mr. Carlyle, joined with the teaching of the new Oxford School, then rising up, to attract him to what he believed to be the Ages of Faith; and he gradually came to centre all his hopes and wishes in as near an imitation of the twelfth century as circumstances and modern weakness would permit. The dislike of an established church drilled into him from infancy, and, as Mr. Riethmüller suggests, a natural aversion to monotonous unmeaning sermons drove him past the Church of England, and inclination, logic, and his usual impetuous fervour stimulated him to go straight to Rome. He was not a man to hesitate for a moment when the voice of conscience seemed to call him. The entreaties of friends, the uncertainty of his future, the sorrow of his family, even the chance of losing the lady to whom he was engaged (a sister of Mr. John Bright), could not arrest him; and in 1839 he joined the Roman Catholic Church.

His whole life was altered by this change. Fortunately for him, the lady who was to be his wife was quickly persuaded by his arguments, and her conversion to Romanism prevented any bar being raised to a union which proved a constant source of happiness to him during the remainder of his life. He was sure to be a very vehement Catholic if he was one at all; and his ardour, coupled with the literary reputation he established by his contributions to periodicals, suggested to some of his co-religionists that he was the proper person to found and edit a Catholic newspaper. Accordingly, the *Tablet* was set up for him, and his life was thenceforth devoted to expressing through this organ his opinions on the few subjects that came to engross his attention. But the course of the *Tablet* was by no means smooth or prosperous. A man like Lucas, as his biographer justly observes, was sure to make enemies in his own party, to offend a thousand susceptibilities, and to rouse innumerable fears. He had no patience with what appeared to him a weak or temporizing policy. The English Roman Catholics, however, had much more moderate views. They did not wish to trespass further on the kindness of their Protestant friends. They were satisfied with the Emancipation Act. They had in many instances an aristocratic aversion to anything like popular agitation. Lucas had no patience with such people. He openly reproached them with their lukewarmness, and they, in their turn, resented the impertinence of such censure coming from a man only very lately admitted into their Church. They had the distrust of an upstart natural to Catholics whose Catholicism was a matter of historical pride. Still he went on his way, and in spite of great difficulties managed to keep the paper floating. His fancies or sympathies soon, however, took a new direction. He went almost crazy upon the rights of Ireland. He was as violent as the most Irish of O'Connell's Irishmen could have been. He thundered against England, against the English Church and Government. He wrote of the Irish priests, and the Irish peasantry, as if they were more angels than men. He seriously believed that Irish tenants ought to be allowed by law to recover all their losses from their landlords. He displayed on all Irish questions more than the enthusiasm which a convert is expected to display on religious questions. He had, however, one gleam of sense. He saw that the Irish insurrection of 1848 must necessarily fail. He earnestly warned his readers against joining in an enterprise that could not possibly succeed. He clearly anticipated the tragic farce of the cabbage-garden. Nor were his warnings in vain; and Mr. Riethmüller tells us that he had the satisfaction of saving many who consulted him from perilling their lives and fortunes upon a hopeless adventure.

Towards the end of 1849, Lucas received a pressing invitation to remove the *Tablet* to Dublin, and he determined to comply with

* *Frederick Lucas: a Biography.* By Christopher James Riethmüller. London: Bell & Daldy. 1862.

the wishes of his Irish friends. He resided in the neighbourhood of Dublin until 1852, when some of the Irish Catholics thought it would be advisable to get him into Parliament, and he was accordingly returned for the county of Meath. On entering the House, he had to contend with great disadvantages; and a letter of that date addressed to his biographer shows that he keenly felt them. He came as a stranger to defend a most unpopular cause, and he belonged to a party which all other sections regarded as the worst of nuisances. "He was looked upon," says M. Riethmüller, "as a renegade from his religion, and, in some sort, an enemy to his country." He had no other reputation than that of a very violent journalist, and he had scarcely a friend or acquaintance within the walls of Parliament. That most fair of all audiences, however—the English House of Commons—did him justice. From the moment that he first rose to address the House, he was listened to without interruption. His engaging presence, his genial smile, his kindly humour, his great skill in grouping facts, his flow of language and illustration, his transparent sincerity, all combined to win his listeners, and in time the hostility and suspicion he first encountered were replaced by interest and sympathy. His friends began to hope that he might secure a much higher place than they had originally dreamt he could aspire to. But their hopes were disappointed. His body could not stand the excessive strain which his Parliamentary life, his editorial labours, and his Irish correspondence put upon it, and in the autumn of 1853 he had a serious illness. The next year brought him a new vexation. His friends, the Irish priests, were forbidden by high ecclesiastical authority to take any part in politics. Lucas thought them hardly dealt with, and went himself to Rome to procure, if he could, a reversal by the Pope of the episcopal decree. He found, to his sorrow, that the Papal Court was not all his dreams had painted it, and his ardour was baffled by the cold obstructiveness of the Papal officials. He at last, finding his health worse than ever, determined to withdraw from his wearisome endeavour, and he hurried back in May, 1855, to a party division to which he had been summoned. When he arrived, he was so altered by illness that the doorkeeper did not know him, and at first refused to admit him. This revealed to him how ill he really was, and he set himself to face death with pious patience and courage. On the 22nd of the following October he breathed his last.

Lucas was by no means a great or a very clever man. Some extracts from his writings are given in this volume, and they are far from striking. They show a sort of power of going on writing, and a turn for fanciful wordiness. They have also the impressiveness attaching to the compositions of everyone who means what he says. But they seem to us, like many of the productions of this kind of impulsive man, to be mainly attempts to prove indefinite propositions by irrelevant arguments. The interest of this book lies in the character it reveals. We learn, as we turn over these pages, to have a keen sympathy with this bright promising lad, the delight of his companions, throwing himself into one line of thought after another, and becoming wholly sunk in the one that held him for the time. As Mr. Riethmüller says, this sort of sincere longing to follow things out to their consequences in thought and action is too rare, and in its way too noble, to be passed over when it occurs. There is also an accidental interest in this biography. It shows what thousands of the most promising young men in England were tending to be twenty or thirty years ago. Lucas, with his Quixotism, his rampant Catholicism, his furious advocacy of Ireland, was only a parody of what many of the best of his contemporaries were. He did wholly what they did half; and his history thus supplies an illustration of the thought of those times, which cannot be rivalled by any specimen of what men became whose sense, or superior width of view, or selfishness prevented them from rushing into the extremes towards which they were inclining. There will be many to whom this carefully written memoir of an enthusiast will have a sort of personal application. And those to whom the whole way of thinking prevalent a quarter of a century ago in the rising men of England is strange, will at least find in this biography the picture of a character whose purity and unselfishness in the midst of countless follies and errors they may be glad if the circle of their friends in this generation can parallel.

LIBER ALBUS, VOL. III.*

MR. RILEY has now given us a third volume of the results of his researches into the civic antiquities of London. It is supplementary to the former volume of *Liber Albus*, consisting of translations of such parts of it as are in French, or, as Mr. Riley calls it, "Anglo-Norman," with an index, glossaries, English, French, and Latin, and with extracts from some smaller documents among the municipal archives, especially a very curious one called "Assisa Panis." This last has taken our fancy as much as anything that Mr. Riley has published. There is something quite delightful in knowing all about the different kinds of medieval bread, which seem to have been enough to have supplied the breakfast-table of Archdeacon Grantley. Then there is one sort of comfort in finding that, if bakers adulterate bread in these degenerate days, they adulterated it just as much in the Ages of Faith. It is a comfort of another sort to find that, if men did such wicked things,

the arm of the Lord Mayor was neither uncertain nor slow in reaching them, and that the hurdle and the pillory were decreed against all such evil-doers. Mr. Riley evidently knew that this would be the taking part of the volume. So he has, with great wisdom, given us, as a frontispiece, not a mere specimen of the MS. as a piece of palaeography, but a specimen of its pictorial illustrations. Here we see a baker of the days of the great Edward putting his loaves into the oven with one hand and holding up the other in a thoughtful attitude. We see below a wicked baker of the same date drawn on the hurdle, with the light loaf which he is punished for selling tied round his neck. The hurdle is drawn by two horses, and we are glad to see that it is fastened to their collars and not to their tails. Possibly this humane change was one of the reforms of our great legislator. We remember reading of criminals in his father's reign being drawn "*ad caudas equorum*," and the practice of "ploughing by the tail" was so inveterate in Ireland that Acts of Parliament were levelled at it in vain many centuries afterwards. The same page contains two different pillories, of the reigns of Edward III., and Richard II. respectively. The difference of height between the two might almost make one believe that, under the degenerate rule of the grandson, Englishmen had lost a full cubit of the stature of the men who fought at Crecy and Poitiers. If there is a special class—and there is no reason why there should not be—of what we suppose must be called *pistorial* antiquaries, they will find here the whole archeology of their favourite craft. There was "*coket bread*," "*panis coket*," or "*panis levatus*;" there was "*panis artocopi*," or "*simenel*;" "*panis integer*," "*panis turta*," or "*tourte bread*," and "*panis do trait*," or "*panis bisus*." "*Tourte bread*" must be carefully distinguished from the modern French "*tourte*" and English "*tart*." The mediæval name of the latter is "*tarta*," a different word from "*turta*, a cake." "*Tourte bread*," the maker of which is called "*turtarius*," or "*turter*," was, in fact, a coarse brown bread, made of unbolted meal. We find complaints of the white-bread bakers ("*pestours de pagn blanke*") against the "*turtarii*," or "*pestours de turte*," and we find one "*turtarius*," Walter of Messingdon by name, sent to the hurdle as a punishment for light weight and other offences. Walter, however, was not the worst sinner. His bread was light, but what there was of it may have been quite good. Far worse were the deeds of Johannes de Strode (John of Strood or Stroud), who made bread of no sort of corn at all, but of cowbells and the sweepings of his house. For this the Mayor, Nicholas of Farndon, supported by certain aldermen, sent him to stand in the pillory. It is amusing to see such a charge as this recorded in all the dignity of official Latin, breaking down at last into plain English:—

Johannes de Strode, pistor, habuit judicium pilorie die Veneris proxima post Festum Sancti Dunstani [19 May], anno regni Regis Edwardi, filii Regis Edwardi, xvii, eo quod panis predicti Johannis erat nullius generis bladi, sed collectio domus in qua habitavit, quando domus erat mundata; et omnis putredo et spuria in ea collecta, fuit in panes posita et pistata, ita quod in fractione panis nihil substantie panis apparebat, sed fila de *coppewebles*.—P. 415.

Another offender was Richard Heyne, a baker of white bread, who mixed sand therein, "*in deceptione populi*." He was drawn on the hurdle to Newgate, with seemingly more than usual solemnity, and then to the pillory, where he stood for an hour:—

Considerabatur per Majorem [et] Aldermannes predictos [quod] predictus Ricardus sit distractus usque Neugate; et panis portatus super lanceam coram eo, et proclametur causa, mixtura sablonis in pane.

Et dictus Ricardus distractus fuit a Neugate usque collistrigium, et ibidem positus fuit, et ibidem moretur per unam horam super collistrigium, et ibi proclamatur causa predicta.—Pp. 420-1.

The loaf carried on the lance must have had somewhat the same effect as the big and little loaves carried in procession at many an election a few years back.

But the most ingenious sinner of all was one John Brid, in the year 1327, whose tale is told at great length. As far as we can make it out he made a hole in his "*moulding-board*," and, when his neighbours brought paste [*i. e.* dough] or other materials for him to make bread out of—"*veniebant cum pasto suo vel materia ad panem inde faciendum apta*"—his servant, who was put under the hole, drew out the "*paste*" or other material, to the loss of his neighbours and dishonour of the city. The vigorous Latin must not be lost—"Falso, nequiter, et malitiose, ad magnum damnum omnium vicinorum et proximorum suorum, et in scandalum et dedecus totius Civitatis, et precipue Majoris et Ballivorum ad assisas Civitatis custodiendas assignatorum." The description of the hole in the moulding-board is also fine.

Quod idem Johannes, pro singulari comodo sibi ipsi falso et malitiose acquirendo, quoddam foramen super quamdam tabulam suam, que vocatur "*moldingborde*," ad pristinam pertinentem, prudenter artificiosque fieri fecit, ad modum muscipule in qua mures capiuntur, cum quodam wyketto caute proviso ad foramen illud obturandum et aperiendum.—P. 416.

There were other offenders of the like sort besides John Brid, including two women, Alice of Brecknock (Brightoneth, Breckenoke) and Lucy of Pickering. The city dignitaries seem to have held more than one court upon them. Alice and Lucy, pleading that they had husbands and that it was not their own fault, were sent to Newgate, seemingly for an indefinite time ("*ibidem morantur quousque aliud de eis fuerit ordinatum*"); the male culprits had to stand in the pillory, those in whose houses "*paste*" had been found, with the paste round their necks. The moral sense of the Mayor and Aldermen seems to have been greatly roused by this business; it was a vile fraud on the public, which no particular law seems to have met.

* *Monimenta Gildhallæ Londoniensis: Liber Albus, Liber Custumarum, et Liber Horn.* Edited by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A. Vol. III. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

Quia dictum factum est quasi quadam specie furti, sed non est aliquis qui verus illos, vel eorum aliquem, prosequatur, nec est juri consonum aut Deo placabile, quod talis falsitas, deceptio, et malitia transeat impunitus; præcipue cum omnes illi qui ad dictos pistoros, ad panem suum faciendum, venerint, falso, nequiter, et malitiose, ipsi hoc penitus ignorantibus, fuerint decepti, et damnum non modicum receperint.—P. 419.

Nor was legislation for the future forgotten. Not only were the offending moulding-boards to be utterly destroyed, but any baker who should sin in the like sort again, should make a longer sojourn in the pillory, and be altogether driven from the city.

Quod omnes hujusmodi tabule cum foraminibus, ut predictum est, prosternerentur et delantur totaliter, et amodo fieri non patiantur; et quod si aliquis dictorum pistorum de cetero cum tali deceptione, falsitate, et malitia inveniat, quod est super colligium per unum diem integrum, et postea abjiciat civitatem, ita quod in posterum pro tempore tunc future non redeat.—P. 419.

The food of horses was protected as well as that of men. There was in those days a sort of bread called "horse-bread," which should have been made of beans; and the loaf of horse-bread, like other loaves, was bound to reach a certain weight. We find the hurdle decreed against Ralph atte Sile, "turtarius," and Richard atte Vanne, "fictus pistor," for selling horse-bread of light weight; but Richard, being an old man, and likely to be hurt by exposure in winter, had his punishment commuted for a prohibition to bake at all till he should find a deputy ready to undertake to undergo all such punishments for him.

Also, there was in the sixth of Richard II., one Simon Freneshe—one is glad to find he was not a native—no mere "turtarius," but an "albus pistor," who yet produced something unfit for horses, or even lower animals. John Wysebeche, the tailor, sent his servant to buy bread of Simon, and bought two black loaves for a penny. What sort of loaves they were the original must tell; we are not answerable for the municipal grammar which seems to count the citizens of London among beasts. The servant brought home—

duos panes nigros pro obolo, de cineribus, terra, et aliis putredinis, paucis granis frumenti et alterius bladi intermixtis, factos; qui panes, postquam supervisi fuissent per dictum Johannem et alios quamplures vicinos suos, et diligenter inspecti, omni generi humano putridi et abominabiles, ac culibet alteri bestia insani, videbantur.—P. 426.

John, and many other good men, his neighbours, went straight to the Mayor, John of Northampton, and showed him what manner of loaves were sold in his city—"monstrando ei panes predictos et falsitatem pasti eorum." Next day the Mayor and Aldermen all sat upon Simon in the Guildhall, and asked wherefore he sold such loaves to deceive the people—"quare fecit panes predictos ad vendendum et ad decipiendum populum formâ predictâ." His defence is curious; the ashy loaves were not made to sell, but to protect the good ones in the oven; "quod facti fuerunt tantum ad circumponendum in furno circa alios panes, ad custodiendum eos de nimio calore ignis, ne comburentur," neither did he make them himself, but only his servant. After a good deal of disputation, Simon is sent to the hurdle and his servant to the pillory, the moral effect being heightened by the loaves being burned before him.

Lastly, in the forty-fifth year of Edward III., Isabel, wife of Alan Botelstone, had the punishment of the "thewe," for selling a bun of short weight—"uno pane albo, vocato 'bunne.'" This makes one almost wish that the Lord Mayor bore rule over all refreshment rooms throughout the kingdom. As to the nature of Isabel's punishment, doctors differ. Mr. Way seems to think it was the cucking-stool. Mr. Riley maintains that it was a special sort of pillory for women.

Some of the surnames which turn up in these stories are curious, as Robert Fair-and-Good, who nevertheless had a taste of the hurdle for short weight; and Simon Puddynglane, so called doubtless from his dwelling-place, but which has an odd sound as a surname.

Mr. Riley's translation of the French entries seems accurate wherever we have compared it with the original. His Glossary is only too copious. He fills it with words, Latin, French, and English alike, about whose meaning one would have thought that no man could ever have doubted. Even proper names, if the spelling differs in the least from modern usage, are put in. Surely, to anyone likely to try the French at all, "abominabile," "absteigner," "accompot," "accionn," "advys," "aides," "Algate," "Ammondesham," could present no sort of difficulty. So in English, "shope" or "shoppe," one would have thought, hardly needed a glossary, unless, indeed, refinement has got so far that the translation "establishment" was needed. Not so Mr. Riley; he gives us—"Shope, shoppe; Engl. A shop. From A.-S. sceop, or sceoppa." Now this is just the sort of mystification of simple minds which we specially dislike. Why treat the elder form as something in a different language, and print it in a different character? If "sceop" is to be printed sceop, the whole book should be printed in fac-simile of the MS. Why not, if it is necessary to mention it at all, give sceoppa, shoppe, and shop, simply as successive spellings of the same word, adding that the change of meaning—sceoppa being originally a treasure—is exactly parallel to the American use of store? But Mr. Riley, though seldom actually inaccurate, constantly writes in a loose, unscholarlike, and rather twaddling kind of way. Thus, in his Glossary, he gives us

Garçon, garçon, Fr. A journeyman, serving-man, or groom. "Garcio, a knave."—Pict. Vocab. 15th Cent. (Wright's Vol. Vocab. p. 275). Both the words "knave" and "groom" have been said to give their origin to this word, but query as to this. The idea is still extant in our

word "post-boy," a name given to a serving-man, who not unfrequently has passed middle age.—P. 322.

Now this is all very true; but it is more than is wanted for the translation of a word of whose meaning nobody could have doubted, while it is not nearly enough to explain all the questions which Mr. Riley, as it were unconsciously, opens. The derivation of "garcio" is a puzzle, but it is plain that in the twelfth century it had got to be a term of the deepest contempt. Now, once more, it merely expresses age or station. On the other hand, the feminine form "garce," once quite innocent, has got only the worst meaning of "garcio." That the word "knave" should have "given its origin" to "garcio" is quite inconceivable, but it is clear that the history of the word "knave" is, to some degree, parallel to that of "garcio." Compare παῖς, and puer, though they never came to express moral censure. Compare also valet or varlet, whose history is identical with the first stages of the history of garcio. So again a post-boy is not at all the only sort of boy who "not unfrequently has passed middle age." Neither an Irish boy nor a Negro boy need be specially young; neither, we fancy, need a Greek παλληκάρειος, whose name again leads us among a whole class of words a good deal analogous to garson and garce. And can Mr. Riley tell us whether the Irish garsoon has anything to do with garcio or not?

Mr. Riley often has his disputes with other writers, and, to our mind, he is commonly right in them, but he is often right in a very funny way. Thus he gets across the word "halimot," or hallmote, and says—

"The devel may sitte softe,
"Ant holden his halymotes ofte,"

occurs in some verses temp. Edward I. (Wright's Polit. Songs, Cand. Soc. p. 154); which the Editor explains, in p. 374, as meaning "holy meetings," and translates "Sabbaths;" but without sufficient authority, to all appearance.—P. 326.

Now we have no sort of doubt that Mr. Riley is right, and that Mr. Wright is wrong; but at the same time we have very great doubts whether Mr. Riley understood what Mr. Wright meant by the word "Sabbaths." Did not Mr. Riley think it meant simply the seventh, or, maybe, the first, day of the week?

So, again, on "hanap," a drinking cup—

It has been suggested that this word "hanap" is from the German "hand" and "napf," signifying a handled vessel; whereas it appears much more probable that it is simply a corruption of the A. S. hnap. The word "hanaper," too, has been explained as "hand-pannier;" whereas it seems much more likely that it was originally a basket, or hamper, in which the hanaps were carried from table and perhaps kept.—P. 326.

Mr. Riley's only fault here is doubting about a matter too plain for disputation. Nothing can be clearer than that Du Cange is right, and the writer in the Pictish History wrong.

One is really amused to find in the Glossary "Pool, Saint, Fr. Saint Paul," with this wonderfully novel piece of information added: "Down to the sixteenth century, if not later, the Cathedral of Saint Paul was known in this country as 'Poules,' or 'Powles.'"

In another place he prints the ancient glossary of Alexander of Salop, in which Old-English words are translated into French. Two items are, "Yeu, Serfe. Yen, Franke." On *yeu* Mr. Riley has a note. "This is probably an error for 'theu,' from the A.-S. peop, a serf, or for 'then,' an A.-S. word of the same meaning." And on *yen*—"This word may possibly be intended to represent the A.-S. þegn, a 'thane.'" Here Mr. Riley has got hold of a truth, which he does not know exactly what to do with. There is strictly no "error" at all. *Yeu* and *yan* are simply peow and þegn, just as some people still write *ye* (= *the*) for *they*. Then can have nothing whatever to do with *yeu* or *thene*; it is not a word of the same meaning as peow, but simply one of the countless spellings of *thegn*, *thegen*, *thegen*, *thén*, *thamus*, *thane*. *Thegen*, originally servant, became, as the king's servant, a title of honour, just as our knight = Germ. *Knecht*.

Actual mistakes are rare with Mr. Riley. But he will hardly persuade us that by the word "Deneis" (p. 310), any people but the Danes can "possibly be alluded to [sic]." Finally, "Breve de Recesu Castri de Coytif" (see p. 307), has nothing whatever to do with Cardiff, except that the place mentioned is in the same county. Coytif or Coyty was, as Mr. Riley might easily have found out, one of the chief castles of South Wales, though but little is left of it now.

LA GRIFFE ROSE.*

IF the nobler forms of literature, as writers of the earnest school would call them, may be compared to wines of various sorts, sparkling and still, full-bodied and light, an analogy at least equally close can be traced between the baser forms of literature and liquor. If there is intellectual Burgundy, there is also such a thing as intellectual gin-and-bitters; for, while there are minds which enjoy a generous vintage, there are mental appetites which require the coarser stimulus of a dram. These, in our country, are to be found, for the most part, in the lower walks of society. Now and then, to be sure, a book comes out among the upper ten thousand with a good deal of the dram flavour about it; but it is rather tasted experimentally than taken up as a regular beverage. The true market for dram-literature with us is to be found in those regions where gin and cheap journalism circulate coextensively. In France it is different. There, the taste for such works as *Fanny*

* *La Griffe Rose*. By Armand Renaud. Paris: 1862.

and the *Dame aux Camélias*, like the taste for absinthe, is not confined to any particular class. There is yet another difference upon which we may congratulate ourselves. The worst "Mystery" that ever Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds concocted is, with all its pruriency, healthy, or, at any rate, manly, as compared with the productions of Ernest Feydeau and Dumas fils: just as the Blue Ruin, or Old Tom, or Cream of the Valley of St. Giles's is an honest, straightforward, wholesome tippie compared with that mawkish, liver-corroding absinthe, that is sipped in the cafés and cabarets of France. From every point of view, the analogy between the most popular French liqueur and the most popular French literature holds good. Both are washy, sickly, and, to the untrained taste, nauseous in the extreme. Both make a pretence of containing a great deal of spirit, but depend chiefly upon meretricious flavouring matters; while such spirit as they possess is of the most noxious character; and both set up to be extremely beneficial to the human race. Take any chance absinthe drinker, and he will tell you that he takes it as a remedy for indigestion, for heartburn, for corns, perhaps, or, at any rate, because it is *bien bon pour l'estomac*. And so with the corresponding novel. It always comes out with a highflown preface, showing that it was simply with a view to the benefit and improvement of mankind, or for some other equally edifying purpose, that these filthy confessions were published. When we had read a few lines of the preface of *La Griffe Rose*, we felt pretty sure we had to do with a sample of a new stimulant for the French stomach. It takes the form of a letter to "Madame la Duchesse de —, en religion Sœur Lucie au Couvent de —." The mere fact of there being in any way mixed up with the story a Duchess who has taken to a life of religious seclusion would be suggestive of impending improprieties to anyone at all familiar with the tone of modern French romance. The preface itself justifies the suspicion. It sets forth in a preamble, like that of an Act of Parliament, that whereas the Duchess has requested the author to make a book of her story, and whereas she has said, "all that my heart reproaches itself with, pettiness, vice, or cruelty, bring boldly to light — perhaps, knowing myself to be condemned, without hope of forgiveness, by men, I shall believe that I am nearer the pardon of God" — the author, obedient to her commands, has taken up the scourge and laid it on to her fair shoulders with such good will that he trusts she will at last be able to "partake of the profound peace of her cell." The fair penitent is, we need hardly say, the heroine of the story, the publication of which to an indignant world forms her penance. The offences to be expiated are not, of course, her intrigues with a variety of lovers; these are nothing more than the duties which she owes to society as a lady of rank and a married woman. Her great crime against morality and religion is that she would have nothing to do with one of the dearest lovers that even the perverse ingenuity of a modern French novelist ever invented for the persecution of a heroine. Simplicie Vernier, the hero, is one of those unmanly, emasculated creations peculiar to that school of romance of which *Fanny* is the type. The author is at great pains to depict him as feeble physically, mentally, and morally, and accounts for his deficiencies in a characteristic manner. He was the result of a *union tardive*.

Ces amours (he reasons) qui ont toute la douce tranquillité du soir, sont, comme lui, sans énergie; la lumière subsista, mais la chaleur s'en est allée. Simplicie, qui résulta de cette union tardive, n'avait pas été caressé par cette flamme — soleil ou passion — qui fait germer les fruits; il resta, tout glacé, à la surface de la vie, n'ayant pas la force d'y prendre racine; son sang manquait de feu, son âme de volonté; il était soumis aux impressions et aux rêves, il ne les commandait pas.

When this interesting youth, who is besides personally ill-favoured, begins to make love to Alix, the daughter and heiress of his patron, she very pertinently tells him that when a man in his position makes love to a lady in hers, he ought to be able to offer her at least either glory or good looks. He does not see his way towards qualifying himself in the latter respect, but "il y avait un moyen de la posséder; elle-même l'avait indiqué; la gloire!" So he goes in for glory as a painter, and fails miserably. After this, Alix feels that she is bound to give him some little encouragement, and that, after all, a lover more or less does not make much difference; but she soon tires of one "qui n'ôte les yeux de sur vous, ne sait rien vous dire, et, dès que vous dansez ou que vous parlez à un autre, prend une figure de croque-mort." She subsequently marries a rich and elderly duke, which has even a more depressing effect upon Simplicie than her rejection of him, although a friend who takes a practical view of these things, points out to him that it looks like a direct interposition of Providence on his behalf. What more could he want? What is marriage for but to facilitate the designs of lovers? "Elle est femme, c'est-à-dire, en bon français, elle peut se laisser aimer." Simplicie, however, cannot make up his mind to go in and win, and takes to weeping and gambling instead. At the latter pursuit he wins a large sum of money, and sets up as a man of fashion. He thus has frequent opportunities of meeting the duchess, who, notwithstanding that she is so free from any petty notions about virtue that "the journalists make up their feuilletons with her amours," still puts him off with "that eternal make-shift of women, friendship." His ready money is soon exhausted, and he gambles on credit, loses, and is, of course, unable to pay. He then forms the magnanimous resolution of at once winding up his affairs and revenging himself on the obdurate duchess. He goes to his friend and confides to him that he has made up his mind to die, but that first "il voulait avoir, pendant quelques heures, Alix

en son absolu pouvoir. Il ne lui cacha qu'une chose, c'est dans quel but il le voulait. Il feignit un désir quand c'était une vengeance qu'il rêvait." The friend, as we said before, is a practical man. He sees at once that to commit suicide is the very best thing Simplicie can do, and instead of weakly opposing so sensible a scheme, as a man of less balanced mind might have been tempted to do, "il n'essaye nullement de l'en détourner. Il n'ignorait pas que des phrases de morale seraient impuissantes contre la douleur qui le poussait au suicide; il voulut montrer qu'il était un véritable ami, et tourna simplement ses efforts à l'aider dans ses volontés suprêmes." Who could imagine that the friendship which exists between young Frenchmen of the new school — for of course these novels represent real life — a friendship which to the outer world seems to go no farther than calling one another "tu," and chattering to one another along the Boulevards about "bonnes fortunes," is of such a stern, stoical character as this; or that, if Maxime expresses a desire to die, Jules will in the most affectionate way tuck him in comfortably, close all the windows, light the charcoal, lock the door, and leave word with the concierge that he is not to be disturbed till the day after to-morrow. But so it is, at least according to M. Armand Renaud. In this case the affair is admirably arranged. The duchess is decoyed to a ball by means of a note from one of her many lovers. Simplicie, disguised as that lover, meets her and carries her off to a lonely house, where he unmasks and explains his ingenious little scheme. He informs her that he is about to kill himself, and that, since she would have nothing to say to him while he was alive, she will have to pass the night in company with his dead body. And now comes the great *coup* of the story. The lady is touched by the noble simplicity of the idea. The man who could conceive such a design, must be worthy of the love of even a duchess. "La hautaine Alix devient caressante." They rush into each other's arms. "Une heure après, comme Alix sommeillait épuisée par le plaisir, elle entendit le bruit d'un corps qui tombe. Elle s'éveilla et aperçut Simplicie étendu par terre dans son sang. Il venait de s'ouvrir le cœur d'un coup de poignard." Such is the substance of the last new dram invented for recruiting the jaded appetites of Young France. It is, perhaps, not quite so bad as *Fanny*, simply because it is more watery; but it is at best a sickly draught, and almost makes one wish for coarse, strong-flavoured Old Paul de Kock to take the taste out of one's mouth.

VACATION TOURISTS.*

THIS book, the second of what promises to be a series, under the editorship of Mr. Galton, is a loose faggot of pamphlets by various travellers in many lands. As with a lot of odds and ends at a library auction, where the interesting volume sells the dull, and the purchaser is content to take the one with the other, and perhaps to throw half his purchase into the fire as the best investment he can make, so it is with this shapely octavo. It contains the dull and prosy, and the brisk and lively matter, fairly diluted with each other. It is a good book to break a rainy day with. Or a man who is fond of the after-breakfast cigar, and is out of reach of the daily paper at that hour, may skim over with satisfaction some of the lighter articles and increase his sense of self-content. For this purpose we would recommend Mr. Marshall's gallop over "the country of Schamyl;" Mr. Tozer's "Monks of Mount Athos;" Dr. Seemann's "Fiji;" Mr. Grove's "Nablos," and a "Christmas in Montenegro," by a young lady, who, like the veiled fair from the land of the Moslem, showing nothing but the eyes, permits nothing but her initials, J. M., to appear, but seems to be the niece of an anonymous aunt. The Rev. C. Young, too, has some few readable pages on the Amazon and Rio Madeira, but on the whole his note book is rather surcharged with facts interesting to experience, but tame to read; and scenes which enrapture the gaze, but pall on description. Mr. Durrant on the African Kru Coast and Niger Country has been more fortunate in his subject, or more felicitous in his treatment of it. He avoids the bad habit of lingering round what needs to be just touched and passed by, into which some of his fellow tourists have fallen.

We have now named seven out of the eleven monographs which make up the volume. Those who wish to pass through life without heavy reading may cut out the rest of the book for the use of the kitchen-maid. But there are other readers who do not wish to subsist mentally upon puff-paste, and such will find a good deal of that residue not too stiff for their digestion. It is, indeed, a difficult thing to write a really *piquant* book of travels now-a-days. The number of well-worn tracks about the world yearly increases and multiplies; and it is not easy to invent with a grace, or to retail unsifted stories from the "oldest inhabitant" of the wild. You are sure to be found out in your well-meant fiction, or shown in your most thrilling anecdote to have been utterly bamboozled by your guide. If a luckier adventurer than usual stumbles on what is as good as new, having never been, perhaps, accepted as credible before, some ingenious *savant* and kind friend starts up to dispute the claim of his alleged facts — to reinforce the maxim that whatever is true is not new, and *vice versa* — and to brand him before the Cercopithecic Committee of the Faunoflorian Society, and, therefore, before the civilized

* *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1861*. Edited by Francis Galton, author of "The Art of Travel," &c. Macmillan & Co. Cambridge and London. 1862.

world, as *illud quod dicere nolo*. All this is sufficiently embarrassing to the voyager who wants to amuse. The only sure way to command attention and force an interest is to have plenty of hair-breadth escapes of yourself, your cook, your guide, your Newfoundland dog, or your umbrella. It is no use being bitten all over by mosquitoes. You cannot make now any travelling capital out of that. Your only course is to suffer and be silent; not, perhaps, at the time of the infliction—that is, humanly speaking, impossible—but when you come before the public in print. What does the public care about your skin, whether you brought it off whole or as full of sting-holes as a sieve? But if you can get upset among a shoal of alligators, or let your foot slip and hang on by your geological hammer, which has caught in the cleft of a rock, till rescue comes, or pull a murderous green serpent out of your boot without ceasing in your breathless chase of the spring-bok, you will always find readers. To be sure, a man had need be furnished with a change or two of lives as well as linen, to travel on these terms. The moral, however, is, that personal danger always retains the fascination of romance, and will impart a radiance to the most hackneyed scene of description, and that, failing this, readers of travels, nine-tenths of whom read to be amused, crave novelty as a stimulus. The things they read of must be sufficiently unlike what they have previously known to give them a new sensation. This tickles the moral palate—this raises the nap on the trite surface of their consciousness, and gives the pleasurable excitement of which they stand in need. But what on earth is the use of printing such stuff as the following? Whom can it possibly amuse?

Whilst here we saw the tops of some palm-trees violently swung to and fro, and heard a chattering sound; the guide told me it was a large monkey, but we were unable to get sight of him. Shortly afterwards I was startled by the heavy rush of some animal through the bushes, everything breaking and giving way before him. I asked Casimir if it was a jaguar. "No," he said, "a tapir." Then stooping down, he said that he saw an ant-bear. We had no fire-arms with us that day, and my object was not sport, but large trees. After sketching the tree through a camera-lucida which I had with me, I returned to the town, and dined off one of the river turtles for the first time.

No doubt putting a spoon into a "river turtle for the first time" is an exciting moment, but to read of it is as unlikely to move anything save a yawn as to read a glowing description of the "river turtles" nearer home, at Blackwall or Greenwich. In like manner, the Rev. A. Weir, in his paper on St. Petersburg and Moscow, drives his droshky in ruts too deep and old for the sensation to be amusing.

But we turn over with some surprise the pages of Captain Collinson, who himself, "disturbed in the perusal of a novel" with the news of a temporary appointment to Canada, appears to have travelled pen in hand to avenge the interruption. Save the fact, of interest in his personal history, that he escaped being lost in the *Canadian* by missing his passage in her, nothing of the slightest importance seems to have happened to him. We learn from the testimony of "one of his companions," that a young English girl was, at Manitoulin Island, a few weeks before his arrival there, put into the canoe which discharges passengers and baggage from the steamer, having "accepted a situation as governess to the family of an Indian chief." The surprise of Juvenal at the appetite of the remote and barbarous corners of the empire for Roman civilization, expressed in the line—

De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule—

was as nothing to the astonishment with which this statement will be read. We thank the Captain for this grain of wheat in his bushel of chaff, and recommend all who do not read for mere information to pass over the rest of the chapter, which is written in the heavy guide-book style, with a description of a fog, an iceberg, several towns, and a tea party where the family had raspberry-jam, and gave the author some. No doubt, to write freshly about Canada is not easy. But why write at all? We cannot suppose that the "temporary appointment" which interrupted the author in his novel was of a literary character, and that these are the results which the discharge of those duties produced, and heartily wish he may finish the perusal of his next work of fiction without any similar intrusion.

The narrative from the land of Schamyl by Mr. W. Marshall includes a brief outline of the campaign which issued in the capture of that leader. Of the desperate character of the struggles in that war, arising from the stout hearts and arms of those children of the crag, as well as from the strength of their holds, we may form a notion from the fact of 12,000 men being detached to overcome Schamyl with 400. Here is another token of the tenacity with which freedom clings to her cradle in these mountains:—

Allied with the neighbouring tribes they (the Circassians) still wage active war with the Russians. A few months ago two expeditions which marched against them in force were obliged to retreat after a heavy loss in officers and men; and the chain of forts between Anapa and Suchum Kalé sustain a continued siege. Here are still seen fanatics, called "abreck," who, under a vow of death, rush single-handed upon the Russian ranks, and, striking regardless of their own safety, seldom strike in vain.

This is a partial yet remarkable parallel to the well-known *devotio* of the Roman military annals, to which the superstition attached that the hero who effected it ensured the triumph of his country's arms. We are not told whether any such belief animates the courage of the "abreck," or whether they merely are of the forlorn and gallant spirits,

Who, vainly brave,
Die for the land they cannot save.

The author remarks, among other pleasing tokens of the grandeur which this passion for liberty fosters in the character, on the "striking superiority" of the mountaineers over the lowlanders in their notions of morality; and he states that it may be found exemplified in the mountaineer and lowland members of the same tribe. Here is a striking story of the misery which the brutalizing tyranny of the Turkish slave-market causes:—

When I was at the large town of E—, in Armenia, the Pasha governing in that part of the country was changed. His successor was a Georgian, sold in his childhood to a wealthy Turk. The boy grew and prospered, and, after passing through subordinate offices, was, some years previous to the time I speak of, entrusted with the command of a district. On his departure from Constantinople, the Sultan was pleased to give him to wife, as is not unusual, a lady from the royal harem. With her he lived most happily for three years, when by some means—whether a mutual recollection of some incident which had happened, or some spot which had been seen in childhood, I know not what—these two, man and wife, discovered that they were brother and sister. The wife, like the husband, had been sold away from her country, and met her brother in this strange wretched manner. They fortunately had had no children, and the marriage was immediately dissolved, but they say that the Pasha has never smiled since the discovery.

We learn, in a lighter vein, that the Kakhetian (native) wine is famous, and worthy of its fame; that the custom of the mountain is to drink it in tumblers; that the ladies of the company "assist" in passing and pressing the bottle, which they sparingly share; that they think lightly of the guest who prefers their example to their precept; that the Russians, notwithstanding, prize English porter above all other beverages; and that Barclay and Perkins furnish "the champagne of the Caucasus." Under this wholesome, though potent influence, the Russians performed, and the writer witnessed, a war-song with a pantomimic dance appropriate, representing "the siege of Kars." Such was the energy of the guest in expressing his appreciation of the song, the dance, and the porter, although in ignorance of the language, and such the transport of the entertainers on witnessing it, that "there was a shout and a rush," and he "found himself hoisted in the air, balanced on the palms of their hands—a mode of thanks novel and rather surprising." We expect the paragraph to conclude with an intimation that—as usual in such stories—the author slipped from the hospitable palms of his Muscovite hosts, and, in the moment of precipitation over some Caucasian abyss, *awoke* to find the whole a dream, and himself lying *solus* and sober on the turf, with a heap of empty bottles labelled "Barclay and Perkins" around him; but we find no such commonplace explanation given.

The reader should, of course, be a rock-tapper himself to relish fully Mr. Archibald Geikie's geological tour in Auvergne, in which he carefully collates the features of the Puy de Dôme with those of familiar formations or destructions among the basalts of the Lothians and Fife, and the "carboniferous volcanoes" of Scotland. The recital of all the points of traveller's endurance and enjoyment comes in the scientific garb of the author's mind. The rain descending in violence brewed for him a milky torrent, taking its "colour from the marl which it partially decomposed in its progress." He avoids being washed away by taking refuge in a cave "of calcareous peperino," and has "leisure to reflect," not on the probable state of his baggage, but "on the geological history of the hill"—vast lacustrine deposits, through whose thousand feet of thickness a volcano once burst in volumes of lava, since hardened into basalt, then ploughed and torn by water-action, and again its rents and rifts filled by fresh overflows of lava. The very landscape is described in the language of the rocks. "Level sunbeams light up a vast basalt plateau," volcanic "cones dot the plain," and "cast their long shadows" towards him. The "sunlight lies bright and warm on the rocks that remain to record the enormous erosion of these valleys;" while "eastward the gorges that open into the Loire gleamed white as the sunset fell along their bars of pale marls and limestones and their cappings of basalt." The reader will be reminded of the pebbles hawked among the Clifton downs, which, when split and polished, represent a sylvan scene, or of the landscape-patterns done in variegated native sand from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight.

One of the shortest but most interesting of these papers is that by Mr. George Grove on Nabloos and the Samaritans. He spent the "Day of Atonement" among that singular remnant, "the smallest and oldest sect in the world," as they have been called, and whose number he more definitely puts at "between ninety and a hundred souls, besides women and children." During this solemn twenty-four hours the Pentateuch is read through, the laity in some special passages joining in a sort of rude yelling chorus with the priest, while "the wails and screams of the unfortunate infants in the neighbouring houses," who are forbidden even a drink of water while the solemn period lasts, "testify" to the severity with which the fast is maintained. On returning to the chapel after all save two hours of the period had expired, the author was struck by the noble aspect of the component members of the scene, and the intense effect of their grouping on the eye. Had he only been *deaf* he would have had unalloyed enjoyment; but it was now a race against time to the end of Deuteronomy, which closed with the exhibition of the sacred copies of the law—a ceremony received with some such signs of adoration as devout Romanists show at the Elevation of the Host. This was succeeded by wild outbursts of vociferation between priest and people—his part resembling a Gregorian, with "a sort of jerk or hiccup thrown into it," theirs like "the Psalms for the day as performed at St. George's-in-the-East during the riots."

Then followed the crowding of the faithful to kiss and stroke the holy parchments, and the whole wound up with "a plate at the door"—a touch of nature which doubtless made the "Nazarene stranger" feel kin with these faithful, though few, disciples of an older creed. Then it was all over, and the men began to smoke.

On the whole, taking the crust with the crumb, or the plums with the dough, we think there is reason for us to close this volume with the expression of a hope that Mr. Galton may long continue to give the public a yearly volume.

THE PARSEES.*

IT is not fair to speak of any religious sect by a name to which its members object. Yet the fashion of speaking of the followers of Zoroaster as Fire-worshippers is so firmly established that it will probably continue long after the last believers in Ormuzd have disappeared from the face of the earth. At the present moment, the number of the Zoroastrians has dwindled down so much that they hardly find a place in the religious statistics of the world. Berghans in his *Physical Atlas* gives the following division of the human race according to religion:—

Buddhists	312	per cent.
Christians	307	
Mohammedans	157	
Brahmanists	134	
Heathen	87	
Jews	03	

He nowhere states the number of the Fire-worshippers, nor does he tell us under what head they are comprised in his general computation. The difficulties of a religious census are very great, particularly when we have to deal with Eastern nations. About two hundred years ago, travellers estimated the Gabars (as they are called in Persia) at eighty thousand families, or about 400,000 souls. At present the Parsees in Western India amount to about 100,000, to which, if we add 5,500 in Yazd and Kirman, we get a total of 105,500. The number of the Jews is commonly estimated at 3,000,000; and if they represent 0.3 per cent. of mankind, the Fire-worshippers could not claim at present more than about 0.01 per cent. of the whole population of the earth. Yet there were periods in the history of the world when the worship of Ormuzd threatened to rise triumphant on the ruins of the temples of all other gods. If the battles of Marathon and Salamis had been lost, and Greece had succumbed to Persia, the State religion of the empire of Cyrus, which was the worship of Ormuzd, would have become the religion of the whole civilized world. Persia had absorbed the Assyrian and Babylonian empires; the Jews were either in Persian captivity or under Persian sway at home; the sacred monuments of Egypt had been mutilated by the hands of Persian soldiers. The edicts of the Great King, the King of kings, were sent to India, to Greece, to Scythia, and to Egypt; and if "by the grace of Auramazda" Darius had crushed the liberty of Greece, the purer faith of Zoroaster might easily have superseded the Olympian fables. Again, under the Sassanian dynasty (228-673 A.D.) the revived national faith of the Zoroastrians assumed such vigour that Shapur II., like another Diocletian, aimed at the extirpation of the Christian faith. The sufferings of the persecuted Christians in the East were as terrible as they had ever been in the West; nor was it by the weapons of Roman Emperors or by the arguments of Christian divines that the fatal blow was dealt to the throne of Cyrus and the altars of Ormuzd. The power of Persia was broken at last by the Arabs; and it is due to them that the religion of Ormuzd, once the terror of the world, is now, and has been for the last thousand years, a mere curiosity in the eye of the historian.

The sacred writings of the Zoroastrians, commonly called the *Zendavesta*, have for about a century occupied the attention of European scholars, and, thanks to the adventurous devotion of Anquetil Duperron, and the careful researches of Rask, Burnouf, Westergaard, Spiegel, and Haug, we have gradually been enabled to read and interpret what remains of the ancient language of the Persian religion. The problem was not an easy one, and had it not been for the new light which the science of language has shed on the laws of human speech, it would have been as impossible to Burnouf as it was to Hyde, the celebrated Professor of Hebrew and Arabic at Oxford, to interpret with grammatical accuracy the ancient remnants of Zoroaster's doctrine. How that problem was solved is well known to all who take an interest in the advancement of modern scholarship. It was as great an achievement as the deciphering of the cuneiform edicts of Darius; and no greater compliment could have been paid to Burnouf and his fellow-labourers than that scholars without inclination to test their method, and without leisure to follow these indefatigable pioneers through all the intricate paths of their researches, should have pronounced the deciphering of the ancient Zend as well as of the ancient Persian of the Achaemenian period to be impossible, incredible, and next to miraculous.

But while the scholars of Europe are thus engaged in disinterring the ancient records of the religion of Zoroaster, it is of interest to learn what has become of that religion in those few settlements

where it is still professed by small communities. Though every religion is of real and vital interest in its earliest state only, yet its later development too, with all its misunderstandings, faults, and corruptions, offers many an instructive lesson to the thoughtful student of history. Here is a religion, one of the most ancient of the world, once the State religion of the most powerful empire, driven away from its native soil, deprived of political influence, without even the prestige of a powerful or enlightened priesthood, and yet professed by a handful of exiles—men of wealth, intelligence, and moral worth in Western India—with an unhesitating fervour such as is seldom to be found in larger religious communities. It is well worth the serious consideration of the philosopher and the divine to discover, if possible, the spell by which this apparently effete religion continues to command the attachment of the enlightened Parsees of India, and makes them turn a deaf ear to the allurements of the Brahmanic worship and the earnest appeals of Christian missionaries. We believe that to many of our readers the two pamphlets, lately published by a distinguished member of the Parsi community, Dadabhai Naoroji, Professor of Gujarati in the University of London, will open many problems of a more than passing interest. One is a Paper read before the Liverpool Philomatic Society, *On the Manners and Customs of the Parsees*; the other is a lecture delivered before the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, *On the Parsee Religion*.

In the first of these pamphlets, we are told that the small community of Parsees in Western India is at the present moment divided into two parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals. Both are equally attached to the faith of their ancestors, but they differ from each other in their modes of life—the Conservatives clinging to all that is established and customary, however absurd and mischievous, the Liberals desiring to throw off the abuses of former ages, and to avail themselves as much as is consistent with their religion and their oriental character, of the advantages of European civilization. "If I say," writes our informant, "that the Parsees use tables, knives and forks, &c., for taking their dinners, it would be true with regard to one portion, and entirely untrue with regard to another. In one house you see in the dining-room the dinner table furnished with all the English apparatus for its agreeable purposes; next door, perhaps, you see the gentleman perfectly satisfied with his primitive, good old mode of squatting on a piece of mat, with a large brass or copper plate (round, and of the size of an ordinary tray) before him, containing all the dishes of his dinner, spread on it in small heaps, and placed upon a stool about two or three inches high, with a small tinned copper cup at his side for his drinks, and his fingers for his knives and forks. He does this not because he cannot afford to have a table, &c., but because he would not have them in preference to his ancestral mode of life, or, perhaps, the thought has not occurred to him that he need have anything of the kind."

Instead, therefore, of giving a general description of Parsi life at present, Dadabhai Naoroji gives us two distinct accounts—first of the old, secondly of the new school. He describes the incidents in the daily life of a Parsi of the old school, from the moment he gets out of bed to the time of his going to rest, and the principal ceremonies from the hour of his birth to the hour of his burial. Although we can gather from the tenour of his writings that the author himself belongs to the Liberals, we must give him credit for the fairness with which he describes the party to which he is opposed. There is no sneer, no expression of contempt anywhere, even when, as in the case of the Nirang, the temptation must have been considerable. What this Nirang is we may best state in the words of the writer:—

The Nirang is the urine of cow, ox, or she-goat, and the rubbing of it over the face and hands is the second thing a Parsee does after getting out of bed. Either before applying the Nirang to the face and hands, and while it remains on the hands after being applied, he should not touch anything directly with his hands; but, in order to wash out the Nirang, he either asks somebody else to pour water on his hands, or resorts to the device of taking hold of the pot through the intervention of a piece of cloth, such as a handkerchief or his sudra, i. e. his blouse. He first pours water on one hand, then takes the pot in that hand and washes his other hand, face and feet.

Strange as this process of purification may appear, it becomes perfectly disgusting when we are told that women, after childbirth, have not only to undergo this sacred ablution, but have actually to drink a little of the Nirang, and that the same rite is imposed on children at the time of their investiture with the Sudra and Kusti, the badges of the Zoroastrian faith. The Liberal party have completely surrendered this objectionable custom, but the old school still keep it up, though their faith, as Dadabhai Naoroji says, in the efficacy of Nirang to drive away Satan may be shaken. "The Reformers," our author writes, "maintain that there is no authority whatever in the original books of Zoroaster for the observance of this dirty practice, but that it is altogether a later introduction. The old adduce the authority of the works of some of the priests of former days, and say the practice ought to be observed. They quote one passage from the *Zendavesta* corroborative of their opinion, which their opponents deny as at all bearing upon the point." Here, whatever our own feelings may be about the Nirang, truth obliges us to side with the old school, and, if our author had consulted the 9th Fargard of the *Vendidad* (page 120, line 21, in Brockhaus's edition), he would have seen that both the drinking and the rubbing in of the so-called Gaomazzo—i. e. Nirang—are clearly enjoined by Zoroaster

* *The Manners and Customs of the Parsees*. By Dadabhai Naoroji. Liverpool. 1861.

The Parsee Religion. By Dadabhai Naoroji, Esq. Liverpool. 1861.

in certain purificatory rites. The custom rests, therefore, not only on the authority of a few priests of former days, but on the *ipsissima verba* of the *Zendavesta*, the revealed Word of Ormuzd; and if, as Dadabhai Naoroji writes, the reformers of the day will not go beyond abolishing and disavowing the ceremonies and notions that have no authority in the original *Zendavesta*, we are afraid that the washing with Nirang, and even the drinking of it, will have to be maintained. A pious Parsi has to say his prayers sixteen times at least every day—first on getting out of bed, then during the Nirang operation, again when he takes his bath, again when he cleanses his teeth, and when he has finished his morning ablutions. The same prayers are repeated whenever, during the day, a Parsi has to wash his hands. Every meal—and there are three—begins and ends with prayer, besides the grace, and before going to bed the work of the day is closed by a prayer. The most extraordinary thing is that none of the Parsis—not even their priests—understand the ancient language in which these prayers are composed. We must quote the words of our author, who is himself of the priestly caste, and who says:—

All prayers, on every occasion, are said, or rather recited, in the old original Zend language, neither the reciter nor the people around intended to be edified, understanding a word of it. There is no pulpit among the Parses. On several occasions, as on the occasion of the Ghumbars, the bimstral holidays, the third day's ceremonies for the dead, and other religious or special holidays, there are assemblages in the temple; prayers are repeated, in which more or less join, but there is no discourse in the vernacular of the people. Ordinarily, every one goes to the fire-temple whenever he likes, or, if it is convenient to him, recites his prayers himself, and as long as he likes, and gives, if so inclined, something to the priests to pray for him.

In another passage our author says:—

Far from being the teachers of the true doctrines and duties of their religion, the priests are generally the most bigoted and superstitious, and exercise much injurious influence over the women especially, who, until lately, received no education at all. The priests have, however, now begun to feel their degraded position. Many of them, if they can do so, bring up their sons in any other profession but their own. There are, perhaps, a dozen among the whole body of professional priests who lay claim to a knowledge of the *Zendavesta*; but the only respect in which they are superior to their brethren is, that they have learnt the meanings of words of the books as they are taught, without knowing the language, either philosophically or grammatically.

Dadabhai Naoroji proceeds to give a clear and graphic description of the ceremonies to be observed at the birth and the investiture of children, at the betrothal of children, at marriages and at funerals, and he finally discusses some of the distinguishing features of the national character of the Parsis. The Parsis are monogamists. They do not eat anything cooked by a person of another religion; they object to beef, pork, or ham. Their priesthood is hereditary. None but the son of a priest can be a priest, but it is not obligatory for the son of a priest to take orders. The high-priest is called Dastoor, the others are called Mobed.

The principal points for which the Liberals among the Parsis are, at the present moment, contending, are the abolition of the filthy purifications by means of Nirang; the reduction of the large number of obligatory prayers; the prohibition of early betrothal and marriage; the suppression of extravagance at weddings and funerals; the education of women, and their admission into general society. A society has been formed, called the "Rahanumae Mazdashina;" i.e. the Guide of the Worshipers of God. Meetings are held, speeches made, tracts distributed. A counter society, too, has been started, called "the True Guides;" and we readily believe what Dadabhai Naoroji tells us—that the reformers have found themselves strengthened by the intolerant bigotry and the weakness of the arguments of their opponents. The Liberals have made considerable progress, but their work is as yet but half done, and they will never be able to carry out their religious and social reforms successfully, without first entering on a critical study of the *Zendavesta*, to which they profess to appeal as the highest authority in matters of faith, law, and morality.

We propose, in another article, to consider the state of religion among the Parsis of the present day.

NORTHERN EUROPE.*

THE title of this work promises much, and yet in one respect the book far more than fulfils its promise. Whatever anticipations the reader may form as to the extent of the journey in time and space he is about to make with the author, we can assure him that he has much farther to go in reality; and that, if he undertakes it, his powers of undergoing the worry and fatigues incident to the hurry of travel from country to country for a prolonged period will be taxed to the uttermost. If he thinks that he is only going to Denmark, Sweden, and Russia for a year or so, he is much mistaken. The author is an officer in the Indian army, and is, by his own account, so much accustomed to Oriental scenery that he cannot help continually confounding the East with the North. How closely the East and North are really blended in Captain Laurie's mind becomes apparent at the very beginning of the tour. He sailed from Leith in August 1861, for Hamburg, in the *Snoedon*; and not only did the name of this vessel bring vividly to his recollection the voyages he had made in the *Oriental* and the *Bombay*, but his ideas of latitude and longitude became

inverted—permanently as it would appear—for he tells us, writing nine months after, that he was "literally bound from the East to the North." It is of no use to refer Captain Laurie to the map of Europe in order to convince him that Scotland is north-west of Hamburg, and that he was, in the strict letter, bound from the West to the South. His rich Oriental imagination constantly transcends all narrow European limits, and is not to be tied down to a literal adherence to mere geographical or chronological propriety. Northern Europe generally means, with him, Southern Asia, and 1861-2 means the whole period of human history, and, indeed, extends into pre-historic ages. On steaming up the Elbe, he tells us that he thought, more than once, that it was very like the Indian dark-flowing Hooghly. At another time, it appeared to him to be one of Burmah's noble rivers; "and it took some time to assure him that it was the matter of fact Elbe, and nothing more." From the homely pleasures of Hamburg civic life, he wandered in thought to the earthly paradise of the Arabs, and the heaven of Mahomet. At Copenhagen he thought more and more of all he had read concerning the connexion between things Scandinavian or Northern and the "gorgeous" East—the gorgeousness of which Captain Laurie candidly acknowledges, by inverted commas, that he is not the first to recognise. The Eurasian belles of Bombay rose before his eyes when he looked on the fair-skinned daughters of Scandinavia. A piece of ordnance which he saw at Stockholm put him immediately in mind of the primitive guns used by the natives of Pegu in the Burmese war. Having obtained an audience from the King of Sweden, he presented his Majesty with *Pegu, a Narrative of the second Burmese War*, and when the King asked if the Burmese were brave, he promptly replied, "Yes, sire, as much so as other Asiatic nations." At Gottenburg he appears to have felt a momentary want of confidence in his Indian powers; for, being unacquainted with Swedish, he thought that little might be gained there "by firing at the Scandinavian tongues with the elements of Hindustani;" but he appears to have since completely dismissed all such idle apprehensions, for he tells his English readers that in the Royal Library at Copenhagen his thoughts wandered from the librarian and the MSS. there "to India, with the bearded, turbaned Moonshee, explaining to him the *Nishki*, the *Talik*, and the *Shekesteh*." We may, in short, make the very same remark about Captain Laurie's book, which he does himself about the shops at Copenhagen: "The curious thing is, if you want anything really Scandinavian you cannot get it"—you get a surfeit of India and Burmah instead. To be accurate, however, we must qualify this remark with the admission that the book contains the information that "Sweden and Norway form together a large peninsula, between the Atlantic on the west, and the Baltic and Gulf of Bothnia on the East."

We derive information similar in quantity and quality respecting Russia from Captain Laurie. He begins by "noting" that "the Gulf of Finland is the Eastern arm of the Baltic, which runs up to the Russian capital." He had also time to remark "what a mighty grim sentry was artillery at Cronstadt!" Not being in the Madras artillery ourselves, we hardly seize the point of this remark; but immediately "turning from forts founded by Peter the Great, he thought of Calcutta, founded by Job Charnock among sands and Bengal tigers." In the same spirit, as he drew near to St. Petersburg, he had "a sort of feeling akin to that while approaching Calcutta, after three years' service in Burmah." About three weeks are necessary, in Captain Laurie's estimation, to see St. Petersburg; but his was, he allows, a more brief visit, and we hasten with him, almost in the middle of his book, to Berlin, and thence back to what he calls firm old English ground. There he draws breath to write a "supplementary section," to which in his preface he begs particular attention as bringing events down to the opening of the Great International Exhibition by a miscellaneous collection of "matters of science, commerce, and politics." "Emerging from this chaos," as he says himself, he proceeds to remark that the career of the late Viceroy of India was referred to at the commencement of the work, and that

Lord Canning departed as he heard the awe-struck Brahmin exclaim, on his beholding the mighty "firehorse"—"All the gods of India have never produced anything like that!" While the Persians are said to be advancing on Herat, the "Key of India" gives way to the interest excited by the Great Exhibition, and all thoughts of Russia assisting Persia are lost in the beautiful objects laid out in the "Indian Court."

The reader might well suppose that he had now done both with the author and with India, but this is by no means to be permitted. For the sake of variety, and on account of the affinity which exists between the East and the North—so he explains in his preface—he reproduces "two Seetabuldee lectures, delivered in Central India—" the first purporting to give an account of the Neilgherries or Blue Mountains of India, and the second to present a sketch of the rise and fall of the Mogul Empire, which "the return of a Pro-Consul to the greatest city in the world from the scene of his Eastern triumphs" will, as Captain Laurie trusts, excuse.

We have already indicated the analogy which exists between Captain Laurie's ideas of space and time. But even a history of the Mogul Empire falls short of his conception of what may properly be included in an account of Northern Europe from August to May last. Not to mention the lengthy summaries which his book contains of the history of Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, from the earliest times (but by no means from the latest authorities), and the biographies of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII., Berna-

* *Northern Europe* (Denmark, Sweden, Russia), *Local, Social, and Political* in 1861. With a succinct Continuation down to May, 1862. By Captain W. F. B. Laurie.

dotte, and Peter the Great, which are included, we are favoured with a discussion of the recondite archaeological question, "What part of the earth gave origin to the arts of cultivated life?" which the author finally resolves in the following terms:—

Perhaps, then, civilization and science were not born "in the East" after all! But, for my own part, being a sort of Oriental, I am inclined to date their birth and early progress from the laying of the foundation of Babel; that progress extending to the *far East*, even to India and China; for who can deny that in these countries civilization and science, after a fashion, flourished, while Europe was enveloped in savage darkness, from the sunny South to the cold regions of Odin or Scandinavia in the North?

Captain Laurie appears, indeed, to consider archaeology especially his forte. "In the Copenhagen Museum," he says, in reference to the ancient stone weapons he saw there, "as a commissary of stores, the general use of stone before iron interested me much." So obtuse, however, was the Danish Professor in charge of the antiquities of the Museum to his erudition, that, as he tells us, he found it impossible to get in a remark about Celtic or Scythic vestiges in India, or about the ornaments of the people of the Neilgherries. He has not failed, however, to get a good deal of his archaeology, such as it is, into his own book. He states, for example, that it is impossible to agree with the assertion that Hinduism is more ancient than Buddhism, inasmuch as Buddhism is "the original patriarchal system." We should, until overpowered by Captain Laurie's authority, have as soon thought of calling Protestantism the old patriarchal system, and maintaining that it is older than the Jewish religion. Again, he adopts the opinion of Sir William Jones, as he says, that the Hindus have had, from time immemorial, affinity with the ancient Persians, Ethiopians, Egyptians, Phenicians, Greeks, Etruscans, Goths, Celts, Chinese, Japanese, and Peruvians—from which it is, says Captain Laurie, "supposed that the Hindus may have been one colony of some of these nations." We have no recollection of any passage in which Sir W. Jones has hazarded a conjecture that the Hindus were a colony of Greeks, or of Chinese. And with regard to the authority of Sir W. Jones on other points—we beg to suggest to Captain Laurie that, although Sir W. Jones was far before his age as a philologist and ethnologist, a person may be three-quarters of a century behind his own age who takes for granted, in 1862, all the speculations of that illustrious scholar in 1787. Captain Laurie again tells us that the Mongolian tribes have been erroneously included under the name of Tartars, or Tatars, whereas that appellation properly belongs to the tribes conquered by the Mongols. "This error," he says, "has been propagated down to the present day—" which, so far as the propagation of the opinion down to the present day is concerned, is more literally true than Captain Laurie, who cites Buffon, and Robertson, the historian, is aware, for in the edition of Max Müller's *Lectures on the Science of Language*, published in the present year, we read:—"Originally Tatar was a name of the Mongolic races. . . . The Mongolic class, in fact, has the greatest claim to the name of Tataric. . . . The recollection of their non-Tataric—i. e. non-Mongolic—origin remains among the so-called Tatars of Kasan and Astrachan." Captain Laurie, moreover, asserts that "the Finns and Lapps are in the whole European family the only exceptions to the Caucasian race." We should be glad to know on what recent authority he includes the Hungarians, the Turks, and the Basques among the branches of the Aryan or Indo-European race.

Marks of singular acquirements in military art, political philosophy, and poetry are frequent in Captain Laurie's pages, of which we shall adduce two or three instances:—

Bernadotte's rise affords sufficient material of itself for a fine lecture. The famous lines, so applicable to every career—

Come what may,

Time and the hour run through the roughest day—

these pithy lines, such as only the Bard of *all time* could write, assist our thoughts in forming a just estimate of Bernadotte's rise.

He predicts the union of Denmark with Sweden and Norway, and disposes of the objection that the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein and the great European Powers will not consent, with the profound reflection—"But why in these days of 'unity' this should be so, I cannot understand." In reference to his projected visit to the International Exhibition he observes:—"As an artilleryman I shall, no doubt, when opportunity presents, gaze with interest on the 'beautiful trophy' of the small arms manufactures of Birmingham, as well as on the heavier weapons of destruction and slaughter."

Our account of this remarkable work would be imperfect were we to omit mention of "the chief wonder, in an historical point of view," of Captain Laurie's visit to Sweden—namely, his "shaking hands with Charles XV. after his return from embracing the Emperor of the French." Even this brief review will, we trust, enable our readers to recognise in this book all the evidences of the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword. It bears on the title-page the motto, "Coming events cast their shadows before," the significance of which we were so slow as to miss until we had almost reached the end of the volume, when a sudden light flashed upon us. In a section entitled "A Political Sketch, or Notes on Russian Invasion of British India," Captain Laurie relates that, in December 1857, he "found himself ruminating in a palkee on the road to Nagpore." His reflections on that occasion turned upon his own prospects, and he thought, "How few men propose to themselves a fame worthy of their ambition! To be a great political leader, or a great commander, what ennobling thoughts!" Captain Laurie's book proves that the ennobling thought of becoming a great author, as well as a great

commander or political leader, has not been absent from his mind. But we put it to him, whether it was fair either to himself or to the public to give the special and definite title of Northern Europe in 1861-2 to the wanderings of his mind from Europe to Asia, and the stray jottings of his note-book about things in general, and the flattest, stalest, and most unprofitable things in particular.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DELÉCLUZE, whose contributions to the *Journal des Débats* and to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* are well known, has just published, under the title of *Souvenirs de Soixante Années*, a most amusing and instructive little volume. Some of our readers may perhaps remember a kind of autobiography which appeared a few years ago, and which contained a number of curious reminiscences of the celebrated sans-culotte painter, Louis David, and his school. The duodecimo now before us is a continuation of that work. It is a brilliant gallery which introduces us to the most eminent men in every branch of literature who have appeared in France during the last sixty years. The *Journal des Débats* and its vigorous staff of editors, the *Globe* and its doctrinaire collaborators, the "romantic" crusade of 1829—in fact, all the phases of what certainly was a stirring intellectual movement, are here depicted with accuracy, with spirit, and with deep feeling. M. Delécluze's *Souvenirs* touch also upon British ground. He numbered amongst his best friends the family of the late Lord Herbert of Lea; and the account he gives us of his visit to Lea-Hurst, and of his learning English under Miss Florence Nightingale's directions, cannot fail to amuse the reader.

We have to announce the third volume of Jerome Bonaparte's *Memoirs and Correspondence*, divided into three books. It treats almost exclusively of the king's marriage with the Princess Catherine, of Wurtemberg. It gives a description of the kingdom of Westphalia at the accession of the new monarch, and of the innovations introduced through him by the caprice and despotism of Napoleon. The chapter relating to the financial difficulties which beset Jerome at the beginning of his administration deserves special consideration, because it illustrates in the fullest manner the selfishness of the French Emperor, and also because it explains the very legitimate irritation which existed throughout Westphalia during the year 1809. Napoleon's great object—and the writer of the narrative states it clearly—was to obtain, *non pas des rentes, mais des donations en terre pour ses généraux*. In vain Jerome pointed out to him the impossibility of complying with such a demand. In vain he proved that, thus deprived of the financial resources accruing from the receipt of the taxes, he would be left without the means of providing for the current expenses, much less of settling the arrears due to the servants of the crown. The despot was inflexible, and Count Daru, whom he had sent to enforce obedience on the part of Jerome, virtually compelled the unfortunate King to begin his administrative duties under the pressure of a deficit of nine millions. Arbitrary measures were the consequence of this state of things. The Westphalians, who were already far from well disposed towards their foreign master, expressed loudly their dissatisfaction, and two successive riots added to the difficulties of Jerome, who was obliged, besides, to raise an army for the service of his brother, and to defend the city of Magdeburg against the other German Powers. As in the two previous volumes, the narrative is illustrated by a voluminous correspondence, and by other valuable documents.

Since M. Cousin has revived the taste for metaphysical studies in France, and associated it with the researches of history and erudition, much has been done to bring before the public, under the shape of translations or monographs, the works of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and their illustrious contemporaries. M. Jules Barni has translated the principal writings of the Königsberg philosopher; M. Barchou de Penhoën's name is inseparably connected with that of Fichte; and we are indebted to M. Matte for an excellent review of Schelling's system. Count Foucher de Careil's new treatise, although the last in point of date, is one of the most important amongst the productions of which we are now speaking. It consists of two distinct parts—the former being devoted to a detailed criticism of Hegel, and the latter to an inquiry into the theories of Arthur Schopenhauer, the great opposer of Hegelianism. M. Foucher de Careil's volume will no doubt be examined by itself with all the attention which it deserves. In the meanwhile, we may just notice that it is an eloquent manifesto against the exaggerations which the German speculators of these latter times have been guilty of. Our author almost apologizes for attempting to discuss the subject. He pleads in his favour the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and he acknowledges that he has dealt with Hegelianism and with Schopenhauerism on the same principle as physicians analyse poisons, and observe the effects they produce on the human frame. To the doctrine of Schopenhauer M. Foucher de Careil prefers by far those of Helvetius and of the other philosophers of the last century. Their materialism was, at least, honest and unmistakable, whilst that of contemporary ages is all the more dangerous because it is half concealed under high-sounding designations.

If the dreary abstractions of German metaphysicians are less

* *Souvenirs de Soixante Années*. Par E. T. Delécluze. Paris: Lévy.
† *Mémoires et Correspondance du Roi Jérôme et de la Reine Catherine*. Tome 3. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Hegel et Schopenhauer, Etudes sur la Philosophie Allemande*. Par A. Foucher de Careil. Paris and London: Hachette.

fashionable than they used to be, we may say exactly the same of those famous republicans of the *Montagne* faction whom the talent of M. de Lamartine and the restless ambition of modern conspirators transformed not long ago into a pleiad of demi-gods. All the new works or reprints lately published on the Revolutionary Government are energetic protests against the heroes of the Reign of Terror; and it may be safely affirmed that Marat, Robespierre, and Saint Just are now at a discount. The curious volume lately added to M. Poulet Malassis' collection of documents on the French Revolution belongs to this category. It contains the memoirs of Louvet and those of Dulaure*, reprinted from the original editions, and preceded by illustrative introductions from the pens of two highly competent writers. Louvet's novel, *Faustas*, and his eloquent speech against Robespierre, are the best known of his productions. The memoirs which he composed deserve to be studied on account of the sketch they give of the state of the provinces during the Reign of Terror. Dulaure, who died only a little more than twenty years ago, was almost a greater Republican than Louvet, but he had no sympathies in common with the famous Committee of Public Safety; and the freedom he made use of in speaking or writing of Collet d'Herbois, Fabre d'Eglantine, and other *sans-culottes*, brought him into difficulties which his memoirs describe most graphically.

After having read M. Victor Hugo's novel, and wondered whether police agents are half so bad as he represents them, many persons will be glad to meet with the veritable Simon Pure, and to find in M. Canler, *ancien chef de service de sûreté*†, the prototype of the now immortal Javert. Canler's memoirs have all the excitement of a novel combined with the interest that belongs to history. Murders, infernal machines, poison, thefts, housebreaking, such are the various episodes of a book which deserves, more than any other production we know, to be designated as a picture of French society during the nineteenth century. A glance at the table of contents will show that many subjects, minutely detailed by the author, might have been omitted from a volume likely to fall under the notice of all classes of readers; and the fact that it is necessary to describe throughout their most loathsome varieties the *lower ten thousand*, scarcely justifies the admission into a work like the present of characters such as those analysed in chapters 33—35. M. Canler, who was originally a soldier by profession, apologizes for the deficiency of his memoirs in a literary point of view. We think that he is too modest. His style is extremely pleasant, and the sketches he gives us of Lacenaire, Fieschi, and some others amongst his notorious contemporaries, are thoroughly graphic.

We have ventured to raise an objection against a few episodes in M. Canler's memoirs. Fléchier's piquant souvenirs of the *grands jours tenus à Clermont*‡, seem to have created an amount of scandal which certainly we never anticipated; and a virtuous abbé accuses M. Sainte Beuve of drawing attention to a work that must be apocryphal, because, if Fléchier had been the author of it, he ought to be branded as *un homme lubrique*. This is very strong. Critics should remember that Fléchier, before being a serious and eloquent prelate, had held a distinguished place in the *salon* of Madame de Rambouillet. His familiar association with the wits and the *précieuses* of the court of Anne of Austria necessarily imparted to his earlier productions a character of lightness not altogether, perhaps, in accordance with the gravity of the ecclesiastical office; but still nothing can be imagined less objectionable than the anecdotes related by Fléchier, and it would be the height of affectation to feel any scruple about them. The *grands jours* were a kind of assizes held at irregular periods in provinces where the usual forms of justice appeared insufficient; and as this extraordinary tribunal, appointed by royal letters-patent, besides being composed of the most distinguished magistrates of the kingdom, involved the presence of a number of persons belonging to the fashionable world, its sessions were quite an event for the provincial towns where it met, and gave usually rise to incidents of the most amusing description. Fléchier's narrative of the *grands jours* of 1665—66 is therefore particularly interesting, because it supplies a striking picture of the administration of justice, and also of general society, towards the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. The mixture of humorous anecdotes and of tragical incidents which arise from the cases brought before the judges, or from the details of local gossip, is very happily managed, and not without an eye to artistic effect.

It cannot be denied that Fléchier was a man of considerable wit; but there was likewise about his talent something pedantic, which he had derived from his frequent visits to the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The untranslatable word *esprit* must, at all events, possess a very comprehensive meaning, since it is applied both to the author of the *Relation des Grands Jours*, and to a person like Madame Emile de Girardin.§ Let us open at random a little volume just published containing extracts from that lady's works, and we shall have, perhaps, the most correct instance of that kind of *esprit* which is essentially French, and which grows spontaneously in the atmosphere of a Parisian *salon*. Madame de Girardin was not precisely a woman of genius, but she possessed a sense of the ideal quite sufficient to make us wonder how she could associate it with that kind of brilliant, yet ephemeral talent,

so characteristic of the *Lettres Parisiennes*. We recommend to the reader the anthology which has suggested the above remarks. It has been prepared with a great deal of discrimination, and it contains, besides M. de Lamartine's well-known biographical sketch (originally printed in his *Cours de Littérature*), various notices by Messrs. Sainte Beuve, Jules Janin, &c. &c.

After the Elzevirian duodecimo published by M. Viollet-le-Duc, we thought that nothing more could be said about Régnier; but we were mistaken. M. Edouard de Barthélemy has discovered amongst the MSS. of the Paris Imperial Library a folio volume containing no less than thirty-two pieces hitherto unknown, from the pen of the French satirist, and with this *trouvaille* by way of excuse, he has given a new and revised edition of old Mathurin Régnier.* The principal of the short poems now for the first time brought to light are inscribed to Philippe Hurault de Chiverny, Bishop of Chartres, with whom Régnier appears to have been on very familiar terms. M. de Barthélemy is somewhat indulgent when he says that several of them are not unworthy of the poet. They are, we believe, very much below mediocrity, and the abominable coarseness which disfigures them should have kept them out of the volume. They reflect credit neither upon him who wrote them nor upon the prelate to whom they were addressed. The appendix, in which M. Edouard de Barthélemy gives a few lines from nine other pieces, too objectionable almost to be mentioned, was perfectly useless. What need was there of even alluding to such a book as the *Délices Satyriques*? The desire, so praiseworthy in an editor, of being complete, cannot be pleaded here as sufficient justification.

Admitting that a certain latitude must necessarily be allowed to printed books—a latitude limited only by the grossest attacks upon public morality—it is not by any means the same with dramatic works written for the stage, and destined to 'appeal at once to a large concourse of spectators. M. Hallays-Dabot has explained this difference in the preface to his new work†, in which he contends that, from the very nature of things, a dramatic censorship is necessary. He justly remarks, however, that it is impossible to define precisely the limits within which dramatic censorship can act legitimately. To a very great extent, the feelings, the prejudices, and the manners of the age must be its guide, and this fact proves how interesting the history of theatrical literature is as illustrating the condition of society viewed in its moral and political relations. M. Hallays-Dabot goes back to the origin of French literature, and to the miracle-plays of the middle ages, for the purpose of making his narrative more complete, and he brings us down to the recent epoch when the performance of M. Ponsard's tragedy, *Charlotte Corday*, was deemed important enough to engage the attention of Cabinet Ministers.

M. Hippolyte Philibert has dedicated the *Iambes d'Aujourd'hui*‡ to M. Auguste Barbier, thus challenging a comparison between his poetry and that of the celebrated satirist, whose violent and sometimes exaggerated effusions were so much remarked twenty years ago. M. Philibert evidently wishes to be placed in the category of those whom M. Laurent Pichat designates as *les poètes du combat*; but, although his productions are far from deficient in energy, yet they are not pointed or personal enough to be very effective. We do not mean, of course, that we blame our author for excluding proper names from his *Iambes*; but whilst doing so, it is, we believe, quite possible to describe notorious offenders so strikingly that the most casual reader will immediately, and as a matter of course, recognise under such or such a couplet the *signallement*, as the French passports say, of Messrs. X., Y., or Z. For instance, turn to the satires of M. Laprade and of M. Viennet, and notice the transparency of the allusions. We must add that M. Hippolyte Philibert does not exclusively give himself up to the composition of satirical poetry. His *Iambes* are followed by a number of lyrics entitled *Fantaisies*, in which the ever-interesting subject, love, is prettily and harmoniously sung. The remark that we have had more than once to make about novels applies with equal force to poetical compositions. They are universally characterized by great want of originality, or, if the authors wish to appear as if they were striking out in a new direction, they are merely singular and often grotesque. M. Autran, whilst describing rural scenes and the calm pleasures of pastoral life, has succeeded in throwing fresh charms over a subject which has been sung almost *ad nauseam*. He avoids carefully the commonplace prettiness of Delille's school, and instead of forgetting nature in order to polish some periphrase or to amuse his readers by some quaint conceit, he sings with all the feeling of a genuine poet.§ If we examine the descriptive poems of the last century, we shall find that they are of an objective rather than a subjective kind. Roucher, Lemierre, Esménard, Delille, confine themselves to the mere representation of the scenes before them; and it was reserved for M. de Lamartine and his followers to consider nature exclusively with reference to man. M. Autran is one of the most brilliant disciples of this school. He is essentially subjective, and his way of moralizing strikes us as very attractive, because very true.

Many persons will tell you that Antoine Quérard|| is the great

* *Œuvres Complètes de Mathurin Régnier*. Publiées par E. de Barthélemy. Paris: Poulet-Malassis.

† *Histoire de la Censure Théâtrale en France*. Par Victor Hallays-Dabot. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Les Iambes d'Aujourd'hui*. Par Hippolyte Philibert. Paris: Poulet-Malassis.

§ *Le Poëme des Beaux Jours*. Par Joseph Autran. Paris: Michel-Lévy. || *Antoine Quérard*. Par Ch. Bataille, et E. Rasetti. Paris: Chez tous les libraires.

* *Mémoires de Louvet et de Dulaure*. Paris: Poulet Malassis.

† *Mémoires de Canler, Chef de la Police de Sûreté*. Paris: Jung-Treutzel.

‡ *Mémoires de Fléchier sur les Grands Jours d'Auvergne*. Paris and London: Hachette.

§ *Œuvres de Madame Girardin*. Avec une Préface par M. de Lamartine. Paris: Jung-Treutzel.

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2 Sauce Ladles	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 7 0	0 8 0
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